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## Thanksgiving Number



EDWARD PENFIELD

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to purchasers of the book

## A House Party

LAST spring plans were made by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Company for what may be called a literary "House Party." The idea was suggested by a casual discussion of the ear-marks of authorship. What is it that distinguishes the work of one writer from that of another? Is it style or a difference in the point of view? Could you tell



THE STORY-TELLERS INTRODUCED BY

**PAUL LEICESTER FORD**

Invitations to the "House Party" were extended to the following distinguished authors:

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH  
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS  
GEORGE W. CABLE  
WINSTON CHURCHILL  
MARION CRAWFORD  
MARGARET DELAND  
PAUL LEICESTER FORD  
JOHN FOX, Jr.

HAMLIN GARLAND  
ROBERT GRANT  
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS  
Mrs. BURTON HARRISON  
W. D. HOWELLS  
SARAH ORNE JEWETT  
THOMAS NELSON PAGE  
CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS  
BERTHA RUNKLE

who wrote a story if the author's name was not given? The questions were so interesting that it was determined to submit them to the reading public. Each author was to contribute one story, the stories to be published anonymously. The public was then to be invited to guess the authorship, and to add zest to the contest it was decided to offer a prize of \$1000.00.

Twelve of the authors above named accepted and have each told one story. These stories are all published together in our latest book entitled "A HOUSE PARTY," which will appeal not only to every person of literary taste, but to every lover of good stories.

**READY NOVEMBER 25**

Conditions of the Contest are given in full in the book, together with a guessing coupon, which is to be detached and mailed to the publishers. If more than one person guesses the correct authorship of the twelve stories, the thousand dollars will be divided among the winners. If no correct answer is received, the nearest correct will win the prize. All guesses must be in by December 31.

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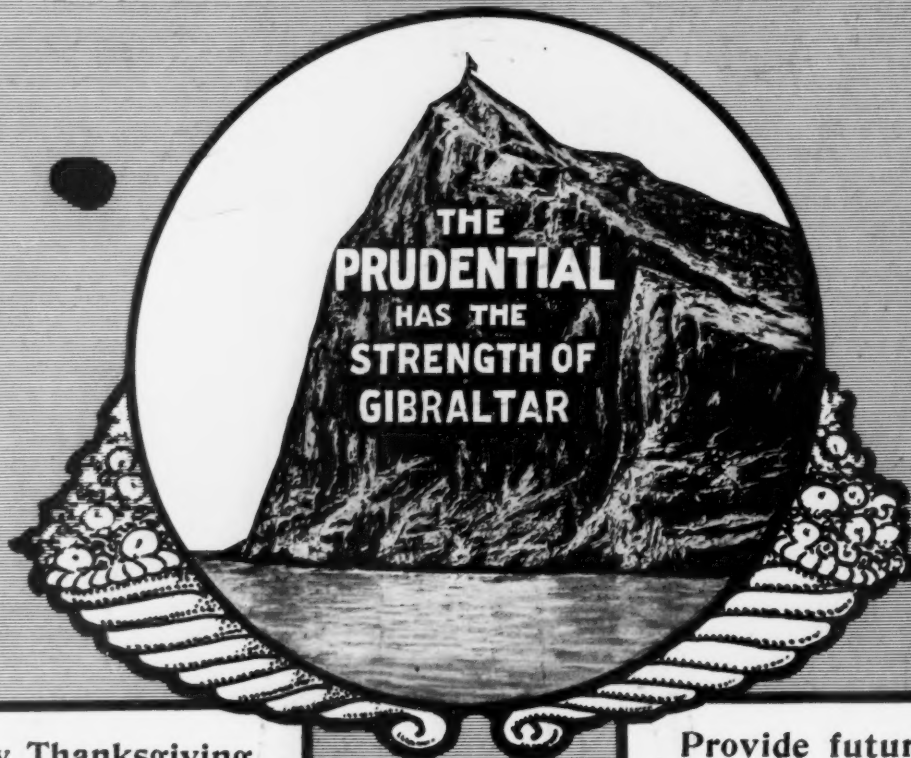


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# COLLIER'S

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

## Thanks Giving November

VOL TWENTY-EIGHT NO 8

NEW YORK NOVEMBER 23 1901

PRICE TEN CENTS



DRAWN BY B. GORY KILVERT

### THE WOUNDED BULL MOOSE

IN THE TRACKLESS FORESTS OF CANADA THIS GREATEST OF AMERICAN BIG GAME IS EAGERLY HUNTED BY THE SPORTSMAN DURING THE OPEN SEASON. STALKING IS A FAVORITE METHOD OF SECURING A SHOT, BUT IT HAS ITS DANGERS. A MOOSE BROUGHT TO BAY IS A VICIOUS FOE, WITHOUT FEAR OF MAN OR BEAST. HUNTERS ARE FREQUENTLY SERIOUSLY INJURED AND SOMETIMES KILLED BY THE FEROCIOUS ANIMAL BEFORE A FINAL AND FATAL BULLET CAN BE PLACED IN A VITAL SPOT

# The PRIZE on SYLVIA'S HEAD is \$500



SYLVIA, as imagined by  
HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY.

SYLVIA is the heroine of the popular new novel, entitled *Sylvia: The Story of an American Countess*. She lived abroad, and is described by one of her admirers as "THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN EUROPE." Twelve artists, known for their types of beautiful women, were invited each to make a drawing expressing his idea of the charming heroine. Their pictures are all in the book. By a natural suggestion, all persons who like a good story and admire beautiful women are now invited to give their opinion of the types represented. Each reader is invited to choose from among the pictures the one which, in his judgment, represents the most beautiful woman, and to indicate the order in which he thinks all the others should rank. The person whose choice comes nearest to the choice of the majority will receive A PRIZE OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS (\$500.00).

## SYLVIA: The STORY of an AMERICAN COUNTESS

By EVALYN EMERSON With pictures of the heroine by ALBERT D. BLASHFIELD, CARLE J. BLENNER, J. WELLS CHAMPEY, HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, LOUISE COX, JOSEPH DE CAMP, JOHN ELLIOTT, C. ALLAN GILBERT, ALBERT HERTER, HENRY HUTT, ALICE BARBER STEPHENS, A. B. WENZEL.

The book itself is a charming and clever love story, readable and interesting from cover to cover. It is on sale everywhere, and each volume contains full particulars and a slip on which the reader is to register his choice. The voting is very simple; it is a matter on which every one will naturally have an opinion, and the prize of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS IS WORTH GUESSING FOR. Order through the book stores, or send \$1.50 direct to the publishers.

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SYLVIA, as imagined by  
C. ALLAN GILBERT.



## 1902 McClure's Magazine 1902

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE is the most complete and vivid literary expression of American life, energy and progress. It presents only what is interesting, vital, timely and human. The price at which the magazine is sold has nothing to do with the quality. At any price it is the best. At one dollar a year it is the greatest bargain of the day.

### A New Novel by Booth Tarkington



UTHOR of "The Gentleman from Indiana," and "Monsieur Beaucaire," will shortly begin publication in *McClure's Magazine*. It is a beautiful and romantic love story, of love thwarted but triumphant, of gallant men and beautiful women.

The scene is laid in Indiana at the time of the Mexican War.

### Two Novelettes of American Life

The Forest Runners, by STEWART EDWARD WHITE, author of "The Westerners," a tale of the Michigan forests, begins this month. A fresh, clear-cut American story, idyllic in conception and setting, but absorbing, even thrilling, in its succession of incidents.

A Battle of Millionaires—a story of Street—by EDWIN LEFEVRE, author of "Street Stories." This story, largely founded on fact, is nevertheless a romantic presentation of one of the most fascinating phases of modern life.

### "Mr. Dooley" on His Travels

MR. FINLEY P. DUNNE has been taking his friend "Mr. Dooley" around among the cities, showing him the inhabitants and the customs of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and Chicago. Now "Mr. Dooley," in spite of the comical way he says things, is a fair-minded person, sane, shrewd and kind. Though he may make us

laugh at him, he has a way of turning the joke back upon ourselves. He leaves us with something to think seriously about: it is the man behind the laugh that exerts a far-reaching influence and gives the humor permanent value.

### A Great Historical Series

By IDA M. TARBELL

THE Standard Oil Company is not only the greatest industrial combination in the world; it is one of the world's greatest combinations of human intelligence and interests. It is a great American story, big and dramatic and full of extraordinary moves and incidents. Miss Tarbell writes it as she wrote the Life of Lincoln, going to original sources for her facts, handling them with clearness, and impartiality, yet following always with her fine human interest, the men,—those who worked and won, those who fought and lost. The series will be illustrated with rare portraits, documents, and stirring scenes.

### Famous Men and Women

The Reminiscences of George W. Smalley, the great European correspondent, will include intimate accounts of the most noted characters of our century—among them the late Queen Victoria, Princess Bismarck, Mrs. Brown, Sarah Bernhardt, Lord Salisbury, Li Hung Chang, Bismarck, Sir Henry Irving. Because of his thorough knowledge and great ability he will make us realize these people humanly as their friends did. Superb illustrations.

Clara Morris will continue her vivacious and charming papers, taking for subjects Salvini, Henry Bergh, Sarah Bernhardt, Rachel, etc.

William Allen White will write of men of the day, Quay, Platt, and others, without the partisan bias of the day. That he can do this he has shown in his portraits of Bryan, Croker, Hanna, and Roosevelt. Mr. White, clear-eyed, honest, forceful and genial, presents with a matchless literary skill the real man who stands misunderstood between the admiration of his friends and the prejudice of his enemies.

### John La Farge on the Old Masters

THE foremost American artist will write with the authority and understanding of a great painter, and the clearness and charm of a literary artist, on the old masters—Michelangelo, Raphael, Rembrandt, etc.—whose traditions he continues in his own work. Mr. La Farge oversees the illustrations, which will be reproductions in tint and black of the world's greatest paintings.

### Newest Science and Exploration

With Baldwin to the Pole. With the most completely organized expedition ever sent out E. B. Baldwin hopes to reach the Pole during the year. *McClure's Magazine* will publish the account of his success, as well as any other important findings he may send back in the meantime. Nansen says he cannot fail.

A New Race of Forest Dwarfs (not merely a new tribe) has been discovered in Central Africa. Sir Harry H. Johnston, the discoverer, will describe these strange men; his own photographs and drawings will be reproduced.

Marconi's Latest Discoveries in Wireless Telegraphy, as told by himself, will disclose some matters never before revealed to the public.

### Pioneer Fights and Fighters

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY will furnish articles on Daniel Boone, David Crockett, Sam Houston, Kit Carson, George Rogers Clark, John Sevier—the men who built the foundations of the present United States and carried the frontier farther and farther west.

### Fiction

Rudyard Kipling. New Stories in the old virile manner. George Ade. Humorous Stories with deep meaning. F. Hopkinson Smith. Tale of a typical American Sea Captain.

Joel Chandler Harris. Tales of Southern Life and Character.

Hamlin Garland. Indian Stories, picturesque and realistic. Octave Thanet. Western Stories that stir with Western spirit. Jack London. Adventures in the wild Northwest. Josephine Dodge Daskam. More Stories of Boys and Girls. George Madden Martin. Emmy Lou Stories.

Among the other short-story writers will be: Anthony Hope, Sarah Orne Jewett, Booth Tarkington, Robert Barr, Henry van Dyke, Mary E. Wilkins, Mary Fulton Cutting, Maurice Hewlett.

### Art in the Magazine

DURING the coming year the following artists will draw for *McClure's Magazine*: Pyle, Sterner, Loeb, the Misses Cowles, Glackens, Christy, Hambidge, Steele, Varian, Keller, Hutt, Lowell, Blumenschein, Heming, Charlotte Harding, F. V. Cory, C. L. Hinton, Howard Giles, Louis Betts, A. Machefert, C. S. Chapman, etc., etc.

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## THE CHRISTMAS COLLIER'S

THIS magnificently illustrated holiday number will surpass all previous issues. It will be brilliant in color and striking in its presentation of the literary and artistic work of the foremost writers and artists of the time.

### A STORY BY RUDYARD KIPLING, "A Sahib's War"

ILLUSTRATED IN COLOR BY HOWARD PYLE

will be one of the features. Some of the artists who will contribute to the issue are A. B. Frost, F. C. Yohn, Edward Penfield, Henry Hutt, M. F. Klepper, Thomas Fogarty, Frank Ver Beck, and many others. A double-page picture in colors, by Frederic Remington, will present one of this artist's strongest drawings. : : :

**COLLIER'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER WILL BE OUT DECEMBER 7**

**THE GREAT PASSENGER LINE OF AMERICA—NEW YORK CENTRAL**



# A DASH INTO THE KHYBER PASS

By A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON, Ph.D., Professor of Indo-Iranian Languages, Columbia University

A VIEW OF JAMRUD FORT, PESHAWAR

KHYBER PASS AND CITADEL (ON LEFT)



KHYBER PASS AND THE ROAD TO PESHAWAR

FORT PESHAWAR AND THE RAILROAD

**I**NTO THE KHYBER PASS! One may well imagine how vivid an impression such a trip must leave upon the mind with every image graphically imprinted upon the memory by a glimpse into that giant passage that opens, like a Titan sword-slash, through the huge mountain barriers between India and Afghanistan. On the one side is the empire of Great Britain's rule, on the other the realm of the Ameer's domain; between them the Khyber Gateway yawns.

Upon our arrival at Peshawar, on the extreme north-western frontier of India, we found the arrangements for our visit to the Pass made in advance through the courtesy of the Acting Commissioner of Peshawar and the kind offices of the Secretary of State for India in Council, at London. The day of the visit was Friday, March 22, 1901, as Fridays and Tuesdays are the only days on which the Pass is open for caravans.

Before ten o'clock in the morning we were prepared to start, under the guidance of two Parsi gentlemen from the merchant firm of Janasjee & Son, the friends who were our kind hosts during a brief stay at Peshawar. Ten miles by rail carried us across the plain of Jamrud, encircled by mountains rising tier on tier and making the huge plateau resemble a vast arena ready for a conflict of rival nations. It seemed only a few minutes, but perhaps it was an hour, before we reached the Jamrud Station where the line ends. Here we had our first genuine impression of the frontier before entering the Pass itself. Around the station were gathered representatives of the border clans—Afridis, Khairis, Yuzufzais, Waziris, Pathans, or other warlike tribesmen. A fierce-looking company these rough mountaineers were, with their rude accoutrements and conspicuous weapons.

Captain Vennor, of Fort Jamrud, placed his orderly at our disposal. This gave us a guarantee for safe conduct and *carte blanche* for entry, later, into the Fort of Ali Masjid—a rare favor. I shall not forget the fine face of this Pathan orderly, a chieftain of sorts in his white turban and flowing robes, with a heavy ebony beard that framed his glittering teeth.

The native tongas, or two-wheeled carts, were in waiting for my nephew and myself. First of all, our credentials had to be vised and officially indorsed with a large purple seal in Oriental script.

This was quickly done; and a moment later we were whirling away at full gallop toward the mountain's base, and the Pass began to open before us.

The two mountains that guard the Indian side of the great gorge stretched down long slender arms toward each other; and as our tongas clattered upon the hard, well-built road we caught sight of the first fortified block-house on the elevation

that stood back between these rugged guardians silently watching through the ages over the caravan route. All the mountain peaks and hills round about stood out like Nature's jagged stone men on parade, with clear-cut ridges outlined against the sky, or descending to the level, to interweave their mighty arms and force the tortuous path to turn and twist, in a zigzag line.

The galloping horses hardly allowed us time to notice that the road was gradually winding upward. But we realized that we were hovering over the verge of a precipice, hundreds of feet down. The edges of this ledge-like road were not girt by safeguarding barrier-walls, as in the Swiss passes with which we are familiar, but the road often ran along the very brink. Of course, the horses became unruly at a critical bend. Out leaped the driver, in an instant, with his stub-handled, long-lashed whip. The reins were thrust hurriedly into my hands while he cut the stubborn horses into behavior with his savage lash or fiercely punched their ribs to force them back from the edge and nearer to the mountain-side. On they dashed again, and the driver scrambled up into his seat. Once he tumbled headlong into the road, rolling over again and again, while Providence helped us to guide the skurrying animals until the next breathing-place was reached, where the panting driver was enabled to catch up.

Along the road itself, a motley crew lined the rugged path. Faces were there for an artist's brush to portray. The Afghans and Pathans, whether Afridis or Khairis, are magnificent specimens of mankind. There is something stern and reserved, something almost sullen, in their deep-set eyes, though relieved in all by handsome nose and fine teeth.

On the road we met a camel caravan, the uncouth beasts swaying, plodding, lounging, wabbling along with stiff-jointed gait. Some of the drivers, though quite unconsciously, wore their rude sheepskin coats in very picturesque banditti style, flung over their shoulders. Their huge mountain shoes, made sometimes of a sort of coarse rope matting bound with cords or tied with rough leggings, and their loose-flowing Afghan garments that covered superb physiques, combined to produce many a pictured type of the ancient hardy nomad tribes. The nobility of their bearing united with a certain careless independence to impart, even to the rudest trudge, a distinction that could not but command respect.

The long line of shaggy camels from Kabul and Balkh, with their well-poised loads, kept passing on with slow, swinging strides. In a few minutes we had counted a couple of hundred. And here an amusing incident occurred. From the back of one staid and dignified old dromedary a pair of feminine heels suddenly flew up into the air. What had happened? It seems that the load on his back had slipped, and the lady of the household—an Afghan materfamilias who had been bound on with the load itself—went tobogganing

down toward the animal's tail. All was confusion. Not a stir could she make from her ridiculous position until paterfamilias and the son rushed to the rescue. Shouts of laughter had burst from the caravans around. They tugged and pulled the load back to its proper place, and restored the domestic equilibrium, whereupon peace reigned once more.

The swaying lines of camels gave place to a troop of heavily laden little asses, and, in turn, to a flock of mountain goats urged along by a hardy shepherd. Next a party of Afghans loomed in sight. They had taken a short cut across a hillock and were waiting while their long caravan rounded the ridge itself. They were seated in a circle upon a commanding ledge, holding their long rifles, characteristic of these tribesmen. Nearby, however, were the regular military pickets, in brown khaki uniform. These were the native Khairi Rifles, in the service of the British Government, whose privilege and duty it is to guard the famous Pass. The policy which Lord Curzon is pursuing in giving the native frontiersmen more responsibility for the border, and holding them answerable, meets with general favor. These Eastern sentinels of King Edward gravely saluted us as our tongas galloped by.

We dismounted at the white shrine and tomb known as the Ali Masjid, at the foot of great overhanging mountains. This spot was the scene of heroic fighting during the second Afghan war, in 1879. A fortress crowns the towering height on the left. Here we were accorded an uncommon privilege. Guided by Captain Vennor's Pathan orderly, we climbed the steep ascent of the frowning cliff, and were allowed to visit the citadel itself. The strategic situation of this fort is magnificent, and from the commanding towers of its beetling walls the view is superb. When we came down and reached once more the shrine of Ali, at the mountain's base, a bright Afridi had, with an eye to business, run up to us and offered to sell a tribesman's dagger as a memento of the visit; but our Parsi host bade me wait until he himself should present me with an antique Afghan sword—a rare treasure; and this Iranian "Excalibur" it is now my good fortune to own.

But the day was waning, and there was need of haste if we were to reach the city gates of Peshawar before darkness fell. A sentinel had been shot at his post two nights before, we are reminded, and our way back this time must be retraced by tonga, not by rail. So off we set. Ten miles of good level road were raced over by the two tonga carts. As the sun went down we were once more within the city itself, ready for the charming hospitality of the English Acting Commissioner, and grateful to him and to his government, as well as to our accompanying Parsi friends, for this special opportunity to visit the Khyber Pass and to see this famous gateway between India and Afghanistan, which may some not far-distant day become the theatre of a mighty and significant struggle between Slav and Anglo-Saxon.

# IN THE FOG

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Author of "The Princess Aline," "Van Bibber and Others," Etc., Etc., Etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



THE GRILL is the club most difficult of access in the world. To be placed on its rolls distinguishes the new member as greatly as though he had received a vacant Garter or had been caricatured in "Vanity Fair."

Men who belong to the Grill Club never mention that fact. If you were to ask one of them which club he frequents, he will name all save that particular one. He is afraid if he told you he belonged to the Grill, that it would sound like boasting.

The Grill Club dates back to the days when Shakespeare's Theatre stood on the present site of the "Times" office. It has a golden grill which Charles the Second presented to the Club, and the original manu-

script of "Tom and Jerry in London," which was bequeathed to it by Pierce Egan himself. The members when they write letters at the Club still use sand to blot the ink.

The Grill enjoys the distinction of having without political prejudice blackballed a Prime Minister of each party. At the same sitting at which one of these fell, it elected, on account of his bigness and his balls, Quiller, the Queen's Counsellor, who was then a penniless barrister.

When Paul Proust, the French artist who came to London by royal command to paint a portrait of the Prince of Wales, was made an honorary member—only foreigners may be honorary members—he said, as he signed his first wine card, "I would rather see my name on that than on a picture in the Louvre."

At which Quiller remarked, "That is a devil of a compliment, because the only men who can read their names in the Louvre to-day have been dead fifty years."

On the night after the great fog of 1897 there were two members in the Club, four of them busy with supper and one reading in front of the fireplace. There is only one room to the Club and one long table. At the far end of the room the fire of the grill glows red, and, when the fat falls, blazes into flame, and at the other there is a broad bow window of diamond panes, which looks down upon the street. The four men at the table were strangers to each other, but as they picked at the grilled bones, and sipped their Scotch and soda, they conversed with such charming animation that a visitor to the Club, which does not tolerate visitors, would have counted them as friends of long acquaintance, certainly not as Englishmen who had met without the form of an introduction, and for the first time. But it is the etiquette and tradition

of the Grill that whoever enters it must speak with whom-ever he finds there. It is to enforce this rule that there is but one long table, and whether there are twenty men at it or two, the waiters, supporting the rule, will place them side by side.

For this reason, the four strangers at supper were seated together, with the candles grouped about them, and the long length of the table cutting a white path through the outer gloom of the room.

"I repeat," said the gentleman with the black pearl stud, "that the days for romantic adventure and deeds of foolish daring have passed, and that the fault lies with ourselves. Voyages to the Pole I do not catalogue as adventures. That African explorer, young Chetney, who turned up yesterday after he was supposed to have died in Uganda, did nothing adventurous. He made maps and explored the sources of rivers. He was in constant danger, but the presence of danger does not constitute adventure. Were that so, the chemist who studies high explosives or who investigates deadly poisons passes through adventures daily. No, 'adventures' are for the adventurous." But one no longer ventures. The spirit of it has died of inertia. We are grown too practical, too just, above all, too sensible. In this room, for instance, members of this Club have, at the sword's point, disputed the proper scanning of one of Pope's couplets. Over so weighty a matter as spilled Burgundy on a gentleman's cuff, ten men fought across this table, each with his rapier in one hand and a candle in the other. All ten were wounded. The question of the spilled Burgundy concerned but two of them,

The other eight engaged because they were men of 'spirit.' They were, indeed, the first gentlemen of their day. To-night, were you to spill Burgundy on my cuff, were you even to insult me grossly, these gentlemen would not consider it incumbent upon them to kill each other. They would separate us, and appear as witnesses against us at Bow Street to-morrow morning. We have here to-night, in the persons of Sir Andrew and myself, an illustration of how the ways have changed."

The men around the table turned and glanced toward the gentleman in front of the fireplace. He was an elderly and somewhat portly person, with a kindly, wrinkled countenance which wore continually a smile of almost childish confidence and good-nature. It was a face which the illustrated prints had made intimately familiar. He held a book from him at arm's-length, as though to adjust it to his eyesight, and his brows were knit with interest.

"Now, were this the eighteenth century," continued the gentleman with the black pearl, "when Sir Andrew left the Club to-night I would have him bound and gagged and thrown into a sedan chair. The watch would not interfere, the passers-by would take to their heels, my hired bullies and ruffians would convey him to some lonely spot where we would guard him until morning. Nothing would come of it, except added reputation to myself as a gentleman of adventurous spirit, and possibly an essay in the 'Tatler,' with stars for names, entitled, let us say, 'The Budget and the Baronet.'"

"But to what end, sir?" inquired the youngest of the members. "And why Sir Andrew of all persons—why should you select him for this adventure?"

The gentleman with the black pearl shrugged his shoulders.

"It would prevent his speaking in the House to-night. The Navy Increase bill," he added gloomily. "It is a Government measure, and Sir Andrew speaks for it. And so great is his influence and so large his following that if he does"—the gentleman laughed ruefully—"if he does it will go through. Now, had I the spirit of our ancestors," he exclaimed, "I would bring chloroform from the nearest chemist's and drug him in that chair. I would tumble his unconscious form into a haughty cab, and hold him prisoner until daylight. If I did, I would save the British taxpayer the cost of five more battle-ships, so many millions of pounds."

All the gentlemen again turned and surveyed the baronet with freshened interest. The honorary member of the Grill, whose accent had already betrayed him as an American, laughed softly.

"To look at him now," he said, "one would not guess he was deeply concerned with the affairs of state."

The others nodded silently. "He has not lifted his eyes from that book since we first entered," added the youngest member. "He surely cannot mean to speak to-night."



HE HELD A BOOK FROM HIM AT ARM'S-LENGTH... AND HIS BROWS WERE KNIT WITH INTEREST



# IN THE FOG By Richard Harding Davis

"Oh, yes, he will speak," muttered the one with the black pearl moodily. "During these last hours of the session the House sits late, but when the Navy bill comes up on its third reading he will be in his place—and he will pass it."

The fourth member, a stout and florid gentleman of a somewhat sporting appearance, in a short smoking-jacket and black tie, sighed enviously.

"Fancy one of us being as cool as that, if he knew he had to stand up within an hour and rattle off a speech in Parliament. I'd be in a devil of a funk myself. And yet he is as keen over that book he's reading as though he had nothing before him until bedtime."

"Yes, see how eager he is," whispered the youngest member. "He does not lift his eyes even now when he cuts the pages. It is probably an Admiralty Report, or some other weighty work of statistics which bears upon his speech."

The gentleman with the black pearl laughed morosely. "The weighty work in which the eminent statesman is so deeply engrossed," he said, "is called 'The Great Rand Robbery.' It is a detective novel for sale at all book-stalls."

The American raised his eyebrows in disbelief. "The Great Rand Robbery?" he repeated incredulously. "What an odd taste."

"It is not a taste, it is his vice," returned the gentleman with the pearl stud. "It is his one dissipation. He is noted for it. You, as a stranger, could hardly be expected to know of this idiosyncrasy. Mr. Gladstone sought relaxation in the Greek poets, Sir Andrew finds his in Gaboriau. Since I have been a Member of Parliament I have never seen him in the library without a shilling shocker in his hands. He brings them even into the sacred precincts of the House, and from the Government benches reads them concealed inside his hat. Once started on a tale of murder, robbery and sudden death, nothing can tear him from it, not even the call of the division bell, nor of hunger, nor the prayers of the party Whip. He gave up his country house because when he journeyed to it in the train he would become so absorbed in his detective stories that he was invariably carried past his station." The Member of Parliament twisted his pearl stud nervously and bit at the edge of his mustache. "If it only were the first pages of 'The Rand Robbery' that he were reading now," he murmured bitterly, "instead of the last. With such another book as that, I swear I could hold him here until morning. There would be no need of chloroform then to keep him from the House."

The eyes of all were fastened upon Sir Andrew, and they saw with fascination that with his forefinger he was now separating the last two pages of the book. The Member of Parliament struck the table softly with his open palm.

"I would give a hundred pounds," he whispered, "if I could place in his hands at this moment a new story of Sherlock Holmes—a thousand pounds!" he added wildly; "five thousand pounds!"

The American observed the speaker sharply, as though the words bore to him some special application, and then, at an idea which apparently had but just come to him, smiled in great embarrassment.

Sir Andrew ceased reading, but, as though still under the influence of the book, sat looking blankly into the open fire. For a brief space no one moved until the baronet withdrew his eyes and, with a sudden start of recollection, felt anxiously for his watch. He scanned its face eagerly, and scrambled briskly to his feet.

The voice of the American instantly broke the silence in a high, nervous accent.

"And yet Sherlock Holmes himself," he cried, "could not decipher the mystery which to-night baffles the police of London."

At these unexpected words, which carried in them something of the tone of a challenge, the gentlemen about the table started as suddenly as though the American had fired a pistol in the air, and Sir Andrew halted abruptly and stood observing him with grave surprise.

The gentleman with the black pearl was the first to recover. "Yes, yes," he said eagerly, throwing himself across the table. "A mystery that baffles the police of London. I had heard nothing of it. Tell us at once, pray do—tell us at once."

The American flushed uncomfortably, and picked uneasily at the tablecloth.

"No one but the police has heard of it," he murmured, "and they only through me. It is a remarkable crime, to which, unfortunately, I am the only person who can bear witness. Because I am the only witness, I am, in spite of my immunity as a diplomat, detained in London by the authorities of Scotland Yard. My name," he said, inclining his head politely, "is Sears; Lieutenant Ripley Sears of the United States Navy, at present Naval Attaché to the Court of Russia. Had I not been detained to-day by the police I would have started this morning for Petersburg."

The gentleman with the black pearl interrupted with so pronounced an exclamation of excitement and delight that the American stammered and ceased speaking.

"Do you hear, Sir Andrew?" cried the Member of Parliament jubilantly. "An American diplomat halted by our police because he is the only witness of a most remarkable crime, the most remarkable crime, I believe you said, sir," he added, bending eagerly toward the naval officer, "which has occurred in London in many years."

The American moved his head in assent and glanced at the two other members. They were looking doubtfully at him, and the face of each showed that he was greatly perplexed. Sir Andrew advanced to within the light of the candles and drew a chair toward him.

"The crime must be exceptional indeed," he said, "to justify the police in interfering with a representative of a friendly power. If I were not forced to leave at once, I should take the liberty of asking you to tell us the details."

The gentleman with the pearl pushed the chair toward Sir Andrew, and motioned him to be seated.

"You cannot leave us now," he exclaimed, "Mr. Sears is just about to tell us of this remarkable crime."

He nodded vigorously at the naval officer and the American, after first glancing doubtfully toward the servants at the far end of the room, leaned forward across the table. The others drew their chairs nearer and bent toward him. The baronet glanced irresolutely at his watch, and with an exclamation of annoyance snapped down the lid. "They can wait," he muttered. He seated himself quickly and nodded at Lieutenant Sears.

"If you will be so kind as to begin, sir," he said impatiently.

"Of course," said the American, "you understand that I understand that I am speaking to gentlemen. The confidences of this Club are inviolate. Until the police give the facts to the public press, I must consider you my confederates. You have heard nothing and you know no one connected with this mystery. Even I must remain anonymous."

The gentlemen seated around him nodded gravely. "We will refer to it," said the gentleman with the black pearl, "as

## "THE STORY OF THE NAVAL ATTACHE"

"I arrived in London two days ago," said the American, "and I engaged a room at the Bath Hotel. I know very few people in London, and even the members of our embassy were strangers to me. But in Hong Kong I had become great pals with an officer in your navy, who has since retired, and who is now living in a small house in Rutland Gardens opposite the Knightsbridge Barracks. I telegraphed him that I was in London and yesterday morning I received a most hearty invitation to dine with him the same evening at his house. He is a bachelor, so we dined alone and talked over all our old days on the Asiatic Station and of the changes which had come to us since we had last met there. As I was leaving the next morning for my post at Petersburg, and had many letters to write, I told him, about ten o'clock, that I must get back to the hotel, and he sent out his servant to call a hansom."

"For the next quarter of an hour, as we sat talking, we could hear the cab whistle sounding violently from the doorstep, but apparently with no result."

"It cannot be that the cabmen are on strike," my friend said, as he rose and walked to the window.

"He pulled back the curtains and at once called to me."

"You have never seen a London fog, have you?" he asked. "Well, come here. This is one of the best, or, rather, one of the worst, of them." I joined him at the window, but I could see nothing. Had I not known that the house looked out upon the street I would have believed that I was facing a dead wall. I raised the sash and stretched out my head, but still I could see nothing. Even the light in the street lamps opposite, and in the upper windows of the barracks, had been smothered in the yellow mist. The lights of the room in which I stood penetrated the fog only to the distance of a few inches from my eyes.

"Below me the servant was still sounding his whistle, but I could afford to wait no longer, and told my friend that I would try and find the way to my hotel on foot. He objected, but the letters I had to write were for the Navy Department, and, besides, I had always heard that to be out in a London fog was the most wonderful experience, and I was curious to investigate one for myself."

"My friend went with me to his front door, and laid down a course for me to follow. I was first to walk straight across the street to the brick wall of the Knightsbridge Barracks. I was then to feel my way along the wall until I came to a row of houses set back from the sidewalk. They would bring me to a cross street. On the other side of this street was a row of shops which I was to follow until they joined the iron railings of Hyde Park. I was to keep to the railings until I reached the gates at Hyde Park Corner, where I was to lay a diagonal course across Piccadilly and tack in toward the railings of Green Park. At the end of these railings, going east, I would find the Walsingham, and my own hotel."

"To a sailor the course did not seem difficult, so I bade my friend good-night and walked forward until my feet touched the wooden paving. I continued upon it until I reached the curbing of the sidewalk. A few steps further, my hands struck the wall of the barracks. I turned in the direction from which I had just come, and saw a square of faint light cut into the yellow fog. I shouted 'All right,' and my friend's voice answered, 'Good luck to you.' The light from his open door disappeared with a bang, and I was left alone in a dripping, yellow darkness. I have been in the Navy for ten years, but I have never known such a fog as that of last night, not even among the icebergs of Bering Sea. There one could at least see the light of the binnacle, but last night I could not even distinguish the hand by which I guided myself along the barrack wall. At sea, a fog is a natural phenomenon. It is as familiar as the rainbow which follows a storm; it is as proper that a fog should spread upon the waters as that steam shall rise from a kettle. But a fog which springs from the paved streets, that rolls between solid house fronts, that forces cabs to move at half speed, that drowns policemen and extinguishes the electric lights of the music hall, that is to me incomprehensible. It is as out of place as a tidal wave on Broadway."

"As I felt my way along the wall, I encountered other men who were coming from the opposite direction, and each time when we hailed each other I stepped away from the wall to make room for them to pass. But the third time I did this, when I reached out my hand, the wall had disappeared, and the further I moved to find it the further it seemed to be sinking into space. I had the unpleasant conviction that at any moment I might step over a precipice. Since I had set out, I had heard no traffic in the street, and now, although I listened some minutes, I could only distinguish the occasional footfalls of pedestrians. Several times I called aloud, and once a jocular gentleman answered me, but only to ask me where I thought he was, and then even he was swallowed up in the silence. Just above me I could make out a jet of gas which I guessed came from a street lamp, and I moved over to that, and, while I tried to recover my bearings, kept my hand on the iron post. Except for this flicker of gas, no larger than the tip of my finger, I could distinguish nothing about me. For the rest the mist hung between me and the world like a damp and heavy blanket."

"I could hear voices, but I could not tell from whence they came, and the scrape of a foot moving cautiously or a muffled cry as some one stumbled were the only sounds that reached me."

"I decided that I had best remain where I was until some one took me in tow, and it must have been for ten minutes that I waited by the street-lamp, straining my ears and hailing distant footfalls. In a house near me some people were dancing to the music of a Hungarian band. I even fancied I could hear the windows shake to the rhythm of their feet, but I could not make out from which part of the compass the sounds came. And sometimes, as the music rose, it seemed close at my hand, and again, to be floating high in the air

above my head. Although I was surrounded by thousands of householders, I was as completely lost as though I had been set down by night in the Sahara Desert. There seemed to be no use in waiting longer for an escort, so I again set out, and at once bumped against a low iron fence. At first I believed this to be an area railing, but on following it, I found that it stretched for a long distance, and that it was pierced at regular intervals with gates. I was standing uncertainly with my hand on one of these when a square of light suddenly opened in the night, and in it I saw, as you see a picture thrown by a biograph in a darkened theatre, a young gentleman in evening dress, and back of him the lights of a hall. I guessed from its elevation and distance from the sidewalk that this light must come from the door of a house set back from the street, and I determined to approach it and ask the young man to tell me where I was. But in fumbling with the lock of the gate I instinctively bent my head, and when I raised it again the door had partly closed, leaving only a narrow shaft of light. Whether the young man had re-entered the house or had left it I could not tell, but I hastened to open the gate, and as I stepped forward I found myself upon an asphalt walk. At the same instant there was the sound of quick steps upon the path, and some one rushed past me. I called to him, but he made no reply, and I heard the gate click and the footsteps hurrying away upon the sidewalk."

"Under other circumstances the young man's rudeness, and his recklessness in dashing so hurriedly through the mist, would have struck me as peculiar, but everything was so distorted by the fog that at the moment I did not consider it. The door was still as he had left it, partly open. I went up the path, and, after much fumbling, found the knob of the door-bell and gave it a sharp pull. The bell answered me from a great depth and distance, but no movement followed from inside the house, and although I pulled the bell again and again I could hear nothing save the dripping of the mist about me. I was anxious to be on my way, but unless I knew my way there was little chance of my making any speed, and I was determined that until I learned my bearings I would not venture back into the fog. So I pushed the door open and stepped into the house."

"I found myself in a long and narrow hall upon which doors opened from either side. At the end of the hall was a staircase with a balustrade which ended in a sweeping curve. The balustrade was covered with heavy Persian rugs, and the walls of the hall were also hung with them. The door on my left was closed, but the one nearer me on the right was open, and as I stepped opposite to it I saw that it was a sort of reception or waiting room, and that it was empty. The door below it was also open, and with the idea that I would surely find some one there, I walked on up the hall. I was in evening dress, and I felt I did not look like a burglar, so I had no great fear that, should I encounter one of the inmates of the house, he would shoot me on sight. The second door in the hall opened into a dining-room. This was also empty. One person had been dining at the table, but the cloth had not been cleared away, and a flickering candle showed half-filled wine-glasses and the ashes of cigarettes. The greater part of the room was in complete darkness."

"By this time I had grown conscious of the fact that I was wandering about in a strange house and that, apparently, I was alone in it. The silence of the place began to try my nerves, and in a sudden, unexplainable panic I started for the open street. As I turned, I saw a man sitting on a bench which the curve of the balustrade had hidden from me. His eyes were shut and he was sleeping soundly."

"The moment before I had been bewildered because I could see no one, but at sight of this man I was much more bewildered."

"He was a very large man, a giant in height, with long yellow hair which hung below his shoulders. He was dressed in a red silk shirt that was belted at the waist and hung outside black velvet trousers which, in turn, were stuffed into high black boots. I recognized the costume at once as that of a Russian servant, but what a Russian servant in his native livery could be doing in a private house in Knightsbridge was incomprehensible."

"I advanced and touched the man on the shoulder, and, after an effort, he awoke and, on seeing me, sprang to his feet and began bowing rapidly and making deprecatory gestures. I had picked up enough Russian in Petersburg to make out that the man was apologizing for having fallen asleep, and I also was able to explain to him that I desired to see his master."

"He nodded vigorously and said, 'Will the Excellency come this way? The Princess is here.'"

"I distinctly made out the word 'Princess,' and I was a good deal embarrassed. I had thought it would be easy enough to explain my intrusion to a man, but how a woman would look at it was another matter, and as I followed him down the hall I was somewhat puzzled."

"As we advanced he noticed that the front door was standing open, and, giving an exclamation of surprise, hastened toward it and closed it. Then he rapped twice on the door of what was apparently the drawing-room. There was no reply to his knock and he tapped again, and then timidly, and, cringing subserviently, opened the door and stepped inside. He withdrew himself almost at once and stared stupidly at me, shaking his head."

"She is not there," he said. He stood for a moment gazing blankly through the open door, and then hastened toward the dining-room. The solitary candle which still burned there seemed to assure him that the room also was empty. He came back and bowed me toward the drawing-room. "She is above," he said; "I will inform the Princess of the Excellency's presence."

"Before I could stop him he had turned and was running up the staircase, leaving me alone at the open door of the drawing-room. I decided that the adventure had gone quite far enough, and if I had been able to explain to the Russian that I had lost my way in the fog, and now only wanted to get back into the street again, I would have left the house on the instant."

"Of course, when I first rang the bell of the house I had no other expectation than that it would be answered by a parlor-maid who would direct me on my way. I certainly could not then foresee that I would disturb a Russian Princess in her boudoir, or that I might be thrown out by her athletic bodyguard. Still, I thought I ought not now to leave the house without making some apology, and, if

# IN THE FOG By Richard Harding Davis

the worst should come, I could show my card. They could hardly believe that a member of an Embassy had any designs upon the hatrack.

"The room in which I stood was dimly lighted, but I could see that, like the hall, it was hung with heavy Persian rugs. The corners were filled with palms, and there was the unmistakable odor in the air of Russian cigarettes and strange dry scents that carried me back to the bazaars of Vladivostok. Near the front windows was a grand piano, and at the other end of the room a heavily carved screen of some black wood, picked out with ivory. The screen was overhung with a canopy of silken draperies and formed a sort of alcove. In front of the alcove was spread the white skin of a polar bear, and set on that was one of those low Turkish coffee tables. It held a lighted spirit-lamp and two gold coffee cups. I had heard no movement from above stairs, and it must have been fully three minutes that I stood waiting noting these details of the room and wondering at the delay and at the strange silence. Then, suddenly, as my eye grew more used to the half-light, I saw, projecting from behind the screen as though it were stretched along the back of a divan, the hand of a man and the lower part of his arm. I was startled as though I had come across a footprint on a deserted island. Evidently the man had been sitting there ever since I had come into the room, even since I had entered the house, and he had heard the servant knocking upon the door. Why he had not declared himself I could not understand, but I supposed that possibly he was a guest, with no reason to interest himself in the Princess's other visitors, or perhaps, for some reason, he did not wish to be observed. I could see nothing of him except his hand, but I had an unpleasant feeling that he had been peering at me through the carving in the screen, and that he was still doing so. I moved my feet noisily on the floor and said tentatively, 'I beg your pardon.'

"There was no reply, and the hand did not stir. Apparently the man was bent upon ignoring me, but as all I wished was to apologize for my intrusion and to leave the house, I walked up to the alcove and peered around it. Inside the screen was a divan piled with cushions, and on the end of it nearer me the man was sitting. He was a young Englishman with light yellow hair and a deeply bronzed face. He was seated with his arms stretched out along the back of the divan, and with his head resting against a cushion. His attitude was one of complete ease. But his mouth had fallen open, and his eyes were set with an expression of utter horror. At the first glance I saw that he was quite dead.

"For a flash of time I was too startled to act, but in the same flash I was convinced that the man had met his death from no accident, that he had not died through any ordinary failure of the laws of nature. The expression on his face was much too terrible to be misinterpreted. It spoke as eloquently as words. It told me that before the end had come he had watched his death approach and threaten him.

"I was so sure he had been murdered that I instinctively looked on the floor for the weapon, and, at the same moment, out of concern for my own safety, quickly behind me; but the silence of the house continued unbroken.

"I have seen a great number of dead men; I was on the Asiatic Station during the Japanese-Chinese war. I was in Port Arthur after the massacre. So a dead man for the single reason that he is dead does not repel me, and, though I knew that there was no hope that this man was alive, still, for decency's sake, I felt his pulse, and while I kept my ears alert for any sound from the floors above me, I pulled open his shirt and placed my hand upon his heart. My fingers instantly touched upon the opening of a wound, and as I withdrew them I found them wet with blood. He was in evening dress, and in the wide bosom of his shirt I found a narrow slit, so narrow that in the dim light it was scarcely discernible. The wound was no wider than the smallest blade of a pocket-knife, but when I stripped the shirt away from the chest and left it bare, I found that the weapon, narrow as it was, had been long enough to reach his heart. There is no need to tell you how I felt as I stood by the body of this boy (for he was hardly older than a boy) or of the thoughts that came into my head. I was bitterly sorry for this stranger, bitterly indignant at his murderer, and, at the same time, selfishly concerned for my own safety and for the notoriety which I saw was sure to follow. My instinct was to leave the body where it lay and to hide myself in the fog, but I also felt that since a succession of accidents had made me the only witness to a crime, my duty was to make myself a good witness and to assist to establish the facts of this murder.

"That it might possibly be a suicide, and not a murder, did not disturb me for a moment. The fact that the weapon had disappeared and the expression on the boy's face was enough to convince at least me that he had had no hand in his own death. I judged it, therefore, of the first importance to discover who was in the house, or, if they had escaped from it, who had been in the house before I entered it. I had seen one man leave it; but all I could tell of him was that he was a young man, that he was in evening dress, and that he had fled in such haste that he had not stopped to close the door behind him.

"The Russian servant I had found apparently asleep, and, unless he acted a part with supreme skill, he was a stupid

and ignorant boor and as innocent of the murder as myself. There was still the Russian Princess whom he had expected to find, or had pretended to expect to find, in the same room with the murdered man. I judged that she must now be either upstairs with the servant or that she had, without his knowledge, already fled from the house. When I recalled his apparently genuine surprise at not finding her in the drawing-room, this latter supposition seemed the more probable. Nevertheless, I decided that it was my duty to make a search, and after a second hurried look for the weapon among the cushions of the divan, and upon the floor, I cautiously crossed the hall and entered the dining-room. The single candle was flickering in the draught and showed only the white cloth. The rest of the room was draped in shadows. I picked up the candle, and, lifting it high above my head, moved around the corner of the table. Either my nerves were on such a stretch that no shock could strain them further, or my mind was inoculated to horrors; for I did not cry out at what I saw nor retreat from it. Immediately at my feet was the body of a beautiful woman, lying at full length upon the floor, her arms flung out on either side of her and her white face and shoulders gleaming dully in the unsteady light of the candle. Around her throat was a great chain of diamonds, and the light played upon these and made them flash and blaze in tiny flames. But the woman who wore them was dead, and I was so certain as to how she had died that without an instant's hesitation I dropped on my knees beside her and placed my hands above her heart. My fingers again touched the thin slit of a wound. I had no doubt in my mind but that this was the Russian Princess, and when I lowered the candle to her face I was assured that this was so. Her features showed the finest lines of both the Slav and the Jewess, the eyes were black, the hair blue-black and wonderfully heavy, and her skin, even in death, was rich in color. So was a surprisingly beautiful woman.

"I rose and tried to light another candle with the one I held, but I found that my hand was so unsteady that I could

"I believed that the man was telling me the truth. His fright had passed, and he was now apparently puzzled, but not alarmed.

"You must remember the names of the Englishmen," I urged. "Try to think. When you announced them to the Princess what name did you give?"

"At this question he exclaimed with pleasure, and, beckoning to me, ran hurriedly down the hall and into the drawing-room. In the corner furthest from the screen was the piano, and on it was a silver tray. He picked this up and, smiling with pride at his own intelligence, pointed at two cards that lay upon it. I took them up and read the names engraved upon them."

The American paused abruptly, and glanced at the faces about him. "I read the names," he repeated. He spoke with great reluctance.

"Continue!" cried the Baronet sharply.

"I read the names," said the American with evident distaste, "and the family name of each was the same. They were the names of two brothers. One is well known to you. It is that of the African explorer of whom this gentleman was just speaking. I mean the Earl of Chetney. The other was the name of his brother, Lord Arthur Chetney."

The men at the table fell back as though a trapdoor had fallen open at their feet. "Lord Chetney!" they exclaimed in chorus. They glanced at each other and back to the American with every expression of concern and disbelief.

"It is impossible!" cried the Baronet. "Why, my dear sir, young Chetney only arrived from Africa yesterday. It was so stated in the evening papers."

The jaw of the American set in a resolute square, and he pressed his lips together.

"You are perfectly right, sir," he said. "Lord Chetney did arrive in London yesterday morning, and yesterday night I found his dead body."

The youngest member present was the first to recover. He seemed much less concerned over the identity of the murdered man than at the interruption of the narrative.

"Oh, please let him go on!"

he cried. "What happened then? You say you found two visiting cards. How do you know which card was that of the murdered man?"

The American, before he answered, waited until the chorus of exclamations had ceased. Then he continued as though he had not been interrupted.

"The instant I read the names upon the cards," he said, "I ran to the screen and, kneeling beside the dead man, began a search through his pockets. My hand at once fell upon a card-case, and I found on all the cards it contained the title of the Earl of Chetney. His watch and cigarette-case also bore his name. These evidences, and the fact of his bronzed skin, and that his cheekbones were worn with fever, convinced me that the dead man was the African explorer and the boy who had fled past me in the night was Arthur, his younger brother.

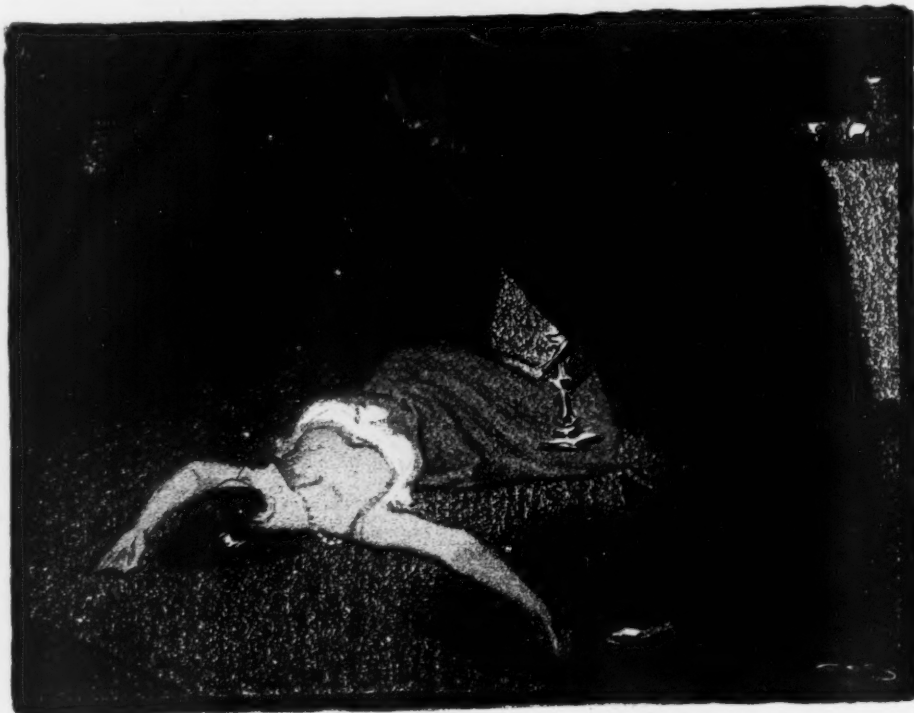
"I was so intent upon my search that I had forgotten the servant, and I was still on my knees when I heard a cry behind me. I turned, and saw the man gazing down at the body in abject and unspeakable horror.

"Before I could rise, he gave another cry of terror, and, flinging himself into the hall, raced toward the door to the street. I leaped after him, shouting to him to halt, but before I could reach the hall he had torn open the door and I saw him spring out into the yellow fog. I cleared the steps in a jump and ran down the garden walk, but just as the gate clicked in front of me. I had it open on the instant, and, following the sound of the man's footsteps, I raced after him across the open street. He, also, could hear me, and he instantly stopped running, and there was absolute silence. He was so near that I almost fancied I could hear him panting, and I held my own breath to listen. But I could distinguish nothing but the dripping of the mist about us, and from far off the music of the Hungarian band, which I had heard when I first lost myself.

"All I could see was the square of light from the door I had left open behind me and a lamp in the hall beyond it flickering in the draught. But even as I watched it the flame of the lamp was blown violently to and fro, and the door, caught in the same current of air, closed slowly. I knew if it shut I could not again enter the house, and I rushed madly toward it. I believe I even shouted out, as though it were something human which I could compel to obey me, and then I caught my foot against the curb and smashed into the sidewalk. When I rose to my feet I was dizzy and half stunned, and though I thought then that I was moving toward the door, I know now that I probably turned directly from it; for, as I groped about in the night, calling frantically for the police, my fingers touched nothing but the dripping fog, and the iron railings for which I sought seemed to have melted away. For many minutes I beat the mist with my arms like a man at blind man's buff, turning sharply in circles, cursing aloud at my stupidity and crying continually for help. At last a voice answered me from the fog, and I found myself held in the circle of a policeman's lantern.

"That is the end of my adventure. What I have to tell you now is what I learned from the police.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10)



"I LOWERED THE CANDLE TO HER FACE"

not keep the wicks together. It was my intention to again search for this strange dagger which had been used to kill both the English boy and the beautiful Princess, but before I could light the second candle I heard footsteps descending the stairs, and the Russian servant appeared in the doorway.

"My face was in darkness or I am sure that at the sight of it he would have taken alarm, for at that moment I was not sure but that this man himself was the murderer. His own face was plainly visible to me in the light from the hall, and I could see that it wore an expression of dull bewilderment. I stepped quickly toward him and took a firm hold upon his wrist.

"She is not there," he said. "The Princess has gone. They have all gone."

"Who have gone?" I demanded. "Who else has been here?"

"The two Englishmen," he said.

"What two Englishmen?" I demanded. "What are their names?"

"The man now saw by my manner that some question of great moment hung upon his answer, and he began to protest that he did not know the names of the visitors and that until that evening he had never seen them.

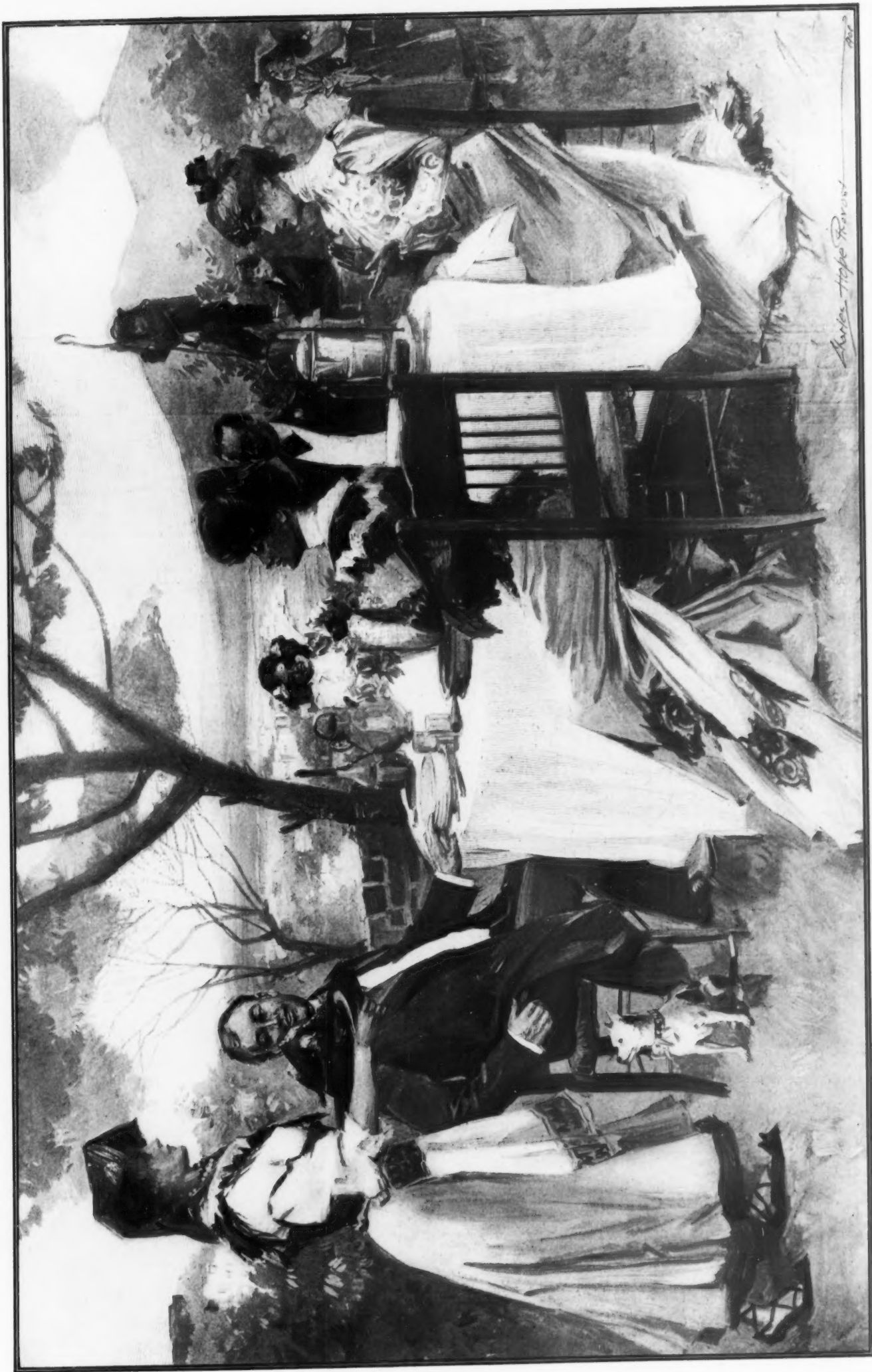
"I guessed that it was my tone which frightened him, so I took my hand off his wrist and spoke less eagerly.

"How long have they been here?" I asked, "and when did they go?"

"He pointed behind him toward the drawing-room.

"One sat there with the Princess," he said; "the second came after I had placed the coffee in the drawing-room. The two Englishmen talked together and the Princess returned here to the table. She sat there in that chair, and I brought her cognac and cigarettes. Then I sat outside upon the bench. It was a feast day, and I had been drinking. Pardon, Excellency, but I fell asleep. When I woke, your Excellency was standing by me, but the Princess and the two Englishmen had gone. That is all I know."





DESIGNED BY CHARLES HOPE PROVOST

## THANKSGIVING

At Amalfi, overlooking the Bay of Naples, and under the grim shadow of smoking Vesuvius, the tourists dine al fresco, even in late November—for the days are all sunny there. Good Americans that they are, they have determined that the National Thanksgiving Proclamation shall be appropriately honored, even



## TURKEY IN ITALY

though in foreign land. So Italian culinary art has been applied to the turkey, or the best substitute obtainable; and, while cranberry sauce is an impossibility in Italy, a flask of Chianti makes by no means a bad substitute for the traditional "trimming" of the national holiday-dish of the great Republic



"THANKSGIVING" IN SOUTH AFRICA—A BRITISH CONTINGENT, WITH ARTILLERY, SEARCHING FOR BOER BUSHWHACKERS ON THE BORDER OF CAPE COLONY

## BRITISH GUNNERS IN SOUTH AFRICA

By GEORGE LYNCH, Author of "The War of the Civilizations," Etc., Etc.

**G**O WITH THE GUNNERS if you want stirring scenes of modern war. You will not, as so often happens when one goes with an infantry regiment, spend a day lying on your belly in the scorching sun while the air is vocal above you with the singing of bullets from an invisible foe, whose position is vaguely located on some quiet and deserted-looking kopje in front. Go with the gunners, and every time you go you will come back with an increasing admiration for them. It is impossible to tell the result of rifle or even Maxim fire unless, as at Omdurman, the enemy stand up to be massacred; but with the guns you can at least see where the shells fall or the shrapnel burst. For this reason the Vickers-Maxim automatic—or pom-pom, as it was christened at Ladysmith—must be a most delightfully interesting weapon to the gunner who operates it.

Let us take a typical day with the gunners. Photographs or cinematographs are entirely unsatisfactory in giving any idea of the "movement" of a battery going into action. There is the rattle of the gun-carriages, like the running accompaniment of rifle-fire; the jingle of harness; the splendid, strenuous, willing pull of the horses straining against their collars. They know all about it, these bright-eyed beasts quivering with life and work, and want no whip or spur until the work of tugging over the broken ground under a sweltering sun staggers them under the strain.

There could not have been a more beautiful day than that of Elandsbaag for watching the gunners in action. Before the main part of the action was entered on, two batteries were ordered to reply to some fire coming from the left of our line of advance. They went forward at the gallop, bounding, jolting, swaying over the uneven veldt, and, on a slight rise of ground, showing out against the deep-blue background of some hills, unlimbered and opened fire. A few horsemen were seen galloping over the ridge of a hill in front, and that was all. Then they limbered up, and were ordered across on our right; a low but steep little embankment of the narrow-gauge railway was in front of them. It was a pretty sight to see them negotiating this obstacle—the jolting of the springless wheels up and down the stony sides and across the rails on top ought to have been enough to shake the teeth out of the men sitting on the limbers and gripping hard to keep their seats.

No sooner had they got clear of this jump than the Boer guns opened and began to make excellent practice. How every gunner felt longing to reply and silence them! Bang,

burst, or spinning with whizzing hops, the shells came dropping in rapid succession. The Boers had been careful to get the exact range the previous day, and were not now wasting time or ammunition. Our guns had to go up a sloping depression at right angles to the Boer fire before getting into position for opening. Every instant was of value, as the Boer shells were now dropping among the Imperial Light Horse and the infantry, who were just beginning to deploy. Under whip and spur they galloped up the slope. Gad! it was a sight to see how those artillery horses pulled; there was no taxpayers' money wasted there. One drops down, and the sharpness with which he is replaced by one of the spare horses would have drawn ringing rounds of applause at an Islington Tournament.

The gunners jump from their seats as sharp as sailors, unhook the limbers, leaving the guns pointed toward the enemy. Then the drivers trot off about fifteen yards, wheel round, and sit motionless on their horses, facing the fire. One cannot but admire the courage required to sit coolly like that with nothing to do but watch the enemy firing deliberately at them—see the discharge, and then await the arrival of the shell as they come whirling and hurtling through the air. With what critical interest they must watch improvement in the enemy's shell-bowling! One was forcibly reminded of cricket at Elandsbaag. Many of the shells did not burst, and those that were not full-pitched came in the manner of swift bowling along the rounded, almost flat-topped surface of the rising ground; and those gunners sat as steady as if they were the wickets just stuck in the ground, with nether a duck of the head or a blink of the eye. The men working the guns are kept busy all the time, and have no time to think of or watch the enemy's shells; but the drivers have nothing to do but wait and watch. The horses, with still heaving, foam streaked sides, stand panting and tossing their heads. The Boers had got the range of our batteries accurately, as it must have been pretty obvious that it was the one we would take up. Three of the gunners had already been badly hit; immediately after, with a terrific crash, a shell hit an ammunition wagon fair; those around held their breath for a still greater explosion; but, wonderful to say, the ammunition was not exploded. When the dust had cleared, however, the wheel of the wagon was found smashed to matchwood, and the vehicle lay helpless and useless on its side. But still steady as rocks sit those drivers facing the music. This is courage—the real article—and the market

price of this kind of British pluck is one and twopence a day! Three days later I was photographing these boys behind their guns on the hill at Rietfontein, standing just as quietly under a hot fire at twelve hundred yards' range, which the enemy kept up persistently, although we had silenced their guns and actually set fire to a long line of grass on the hill from which they were firing. An innocent, harmless-looking hill it seemed, with not a Boer visible on it; yet the bright summer air simply sang with the notes of Mauser bullets—clear and musical notes when they pass high overhead, but with a sharp and bitter ping when they pass close.

But the best sight of all is to see our gunners going out of action. They go in at a gallop and retire at a walk. There is something so delightfully contemptuous of the enemy's marksmanship in this. One day outside Ladysmith was typical. A couple of batteries went out with some cavalry for a small reconnaissance in force, located a Boer gun, and quickly drove the gunners to cover. The vultures had gathered as usual at the sound of their dinner-gong, but there was no fight, and soon the guns limbered up and turned back across the plain. Immediately the Boer gunners were back at their gun and, serving it with wonderful rapidity, sent shell after shell at our retiring batteries. The first was just short, then the next two went over; but on they went quietly, never breaking out of the walk. Then a shell fell between a gun and limber and did not burst. The great vultures wheeled and circled lower, waving their shadows below them on the parched plain; but there was no dinner for them that day—not even a horse was hit. And so always, when these field-guns stop barking and limber up, it reminds one of pulling a dog out of a fight by the tail as they are dragged slowly, as if reluctantly, away; while the drivers don't bother to look round, and don't look a bit like heroes full of courage at the magnificent price of one shilling and twopence a day.

Rattle of iron on stones—clear sharp words of command—clink of breech action—coldness of iron will warming the steel throat that voices its thoughts—hard, scientific, inhumanly mechanical; yet there is a subtle, attractive feeling that draws together the living elements that serve the gun. I barely escaped being knocked down one day by an artillery horse galloping furiously over the veldt. He had got badly torn by a shell; wild with the pain, he raced around until exhausted, and then, managing to stagger up to a gun, fell dead with his head against the trail.

## IN THE FOG By Richard Harding Davis

"At the station-house to which the man guided me I related what you have just heard. I told them that the house they must at once find was one set back with others from the street within a radius of two hundred yards from the Knights-bridge Barracks, that within fifty yards of it some one was giving a dance to the music of a Hungarian band, and that the railings in front of it were about as high as a man's waist and filed to a point. With that to work upon, twenty men were at once ordered out into the fog to search for the house, and Inspector Lyle himself was despatched to the home of Lord Edam, Chetney's father, with a warrant for Lord Arthur's arrest. I was thanked and dismissed on my own recognizance.

"This morning, Inspector Lyle called on me and from him I learned the police theory of the scene I have just described.

"Apparently I had wandered very far in the fog, for up to noon to-day the house had not been found, nor had they been able to arrest Lord Arthur. He did not return to his father's house last night, and there is no trace of him; but from what the police knew of the past lives of the people I found in that last house they have evolved a theory, and their theory is that the murders were committed by Lord Arthur.

"The infatuation of his elder brother, Lord Chetney, for a Russian Princess, so Inspector Lyle tells me, is well known to every one. About two years ago the Princess Zichy, as she calls herself, and he were constantly together, and Chetney informed his friends that they were about to be married. The woman was notorious in two continents, and when Lord Edam heard of his son's infatuation he appealed to the police for her record.

"It is through his having applied to them that they know so much concerning her and her relations with the Chetneys. From the police Lord Edam learned that Madame Zichy had

once been a spy in the employ of the Russian Third Section, but that lately she had been repudiated by her own government and was living by her wits, by blackmail, and by her beauty. Lord Edam laid this record before his son, but Chetney either knew it already or the woman persuaded him not to believe in it, and the father and son parted in great anger. Two days later the Marquis altered his will, leaving all of his money to the younger brother, Arthur.

"The title and some of the landed property he could not keep from Chetney, but he swore if his son saw the woman again, that the will should stand as it was and he would be left without a penny.

"This was about eighteen months ago, when apparently Chetney tired of the Princess, and suddenly went off to shoot and explore in Central Africa. No word came from him, except that twice he was reported as having died of fever in the jungle, and finally two traders reached the coast who said they had seen his body. This was accepted by all as conclusive, and young Arthur was recognized as the heir to the Edam millions. On the strength of this supposition he at once began to borrow enormous sums from the money lenders. This is of great importance, as the police believe that it was these debts which drove him to the murder of his brother. Yesterday, as you know, Lord Chetney suddenly returned from the grave, and it was the fact that for two years he had been considered as dead which lent such importance to his return and which gave rise to those columns of detail concerning him which appeared in all the afternoon papers. But, obviously, during his absence he had not tired of the Princess Zichy, for we know that a few hours after he reached London he sought her out. His brother, who had also learned of his reappearance through the papers, probably suspected which would be the house he would first visit and

followed him there, arriving, so the Russian servant tells us, while the two were at coffee in the drawing room. The Princess then, we also learn from the servant, withdrew to the dining-room, leaving the brothers together. What happened one can only guess.

"Lord Arthur knew now that when it was discovered he was no longer the heir the money-lenders would come down upon him. The police believe that he at once sought out his brother to beg for money to cover the past debts, but that, considering the sum he needed was several hundreds of thousands of pounds, Chetney refused to give it him. No one knew that Arthur had gone to seek out his brother. They were alone. It is possible, then, that in a passion of disappointment, and crazed with the disgrace which he saw before him, young Arthur made himself the heir beyond further question. The death of his brother would have availed nothing if the woman remained alive. It is then possible that he crossed the hall and with the same weapon which made him Lord Edam's heir destroyed the solitary witness to the murder. The only other person who could have seen it was sleeping in a drunken stupor, to which fact undoubtedly he owed his life. And yet," concluded the Naval Attaché, leaning forward and marking each word with his finger, "Lord Arthur blundered fatally. In his haste he left the door of the house open, so giving access to the first passer-by, and he forgot that when he entered it he had handed his card to the servant. That piece of paper may yet send him to the gallows. In the meantime, he has disappeared completely, and somewhere, in one of the millions of streets of this great capital, in a locked and empty house, lies the body of his brother, and of the woman his brother loved, undiscovered, unburied, their murder unavenged."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



# THANKSGIVING INDIGNATION MEETING IN TURKEYDOM

DRAWN BY ORSON LOWELL



## THE THANKSGIVING RABBIT

By FRANK L. STANTON

WE WUZ thinkin' 'bout Thanks-givin'—kase we knowed 'twuz comin' 'long,  
En we want ter be ez happy ez a Halleluia song;  
Fer de family connections wuz a-comin',  
spruce en prime,  
En what ter set befo' 'em wuz de trouble  
er de time!

Br'er Rufus sorter study—a surveyin' er  
de groun';  
"Hit'll take," he say, "ten turkeys fer  
ter go de table roun';  
En we wants a lot er 'possum, en a load  
er 'taters, too;  
En dey's nuttin' mo' in favor dan a juicy  
rabbit stew."

But whar ter git dem turkeys? . . . fer de  
time wuz gwine by,  
En, lak de Georgy 'possum, dey wuz  
roos'in' mighty high!  
Dey knowed Thanksgiving comin'—folks  
wuz fattenin' er dem so,  
En de wises' er de rabbits say, "Hit's time  
fer layin' low!"

Well, we take de bag en rifle, en we pro-  
jick up en down,  
'Twell we run up 'gin' de gravey'd, whar  
dey wuzn't not a soun'  
'Cep' de Win' a-mo'nin'—mo'nin', lak he  
skeered en los' he way,  
En 'fraid dey gwine ter ketch 'im w'en dey  
blow fer Jedgmint Day.

We wuz feelin' mighty skittish—kaze de  
sun wuz gittin' low  
En lookin' at us 'sprised like, ez he fixin'  
fer ter go;  
En de gray owl in de treetop bat he big  
eye at us, too,  
En we trimble ez he ax us, "Who-is-you?  
—Who-is-you-o-o?"

En what we see, you reckon?—May de  
good Lawd he'p en save!—  
But a gravey'd rabbit scratchin' er his  
two ears on a grave;  
En lookin' 'cross de tombstones lak he  
dar a-takin' note,  
En settin' up ez wise, suh, ez a jedge  
a holdin' cote!

We crope up on 'im easy: Br'er Rufus  
take de gun,  
En . . . bang! . . . he flopped clean over—  
en dat rabbit's day wuz done!  
But de way de night owls hollered, en de  
sun ducked down ter bed!  
Dar wuz soun's in dat ol' gravey'd lak  
we'd raised de sleepin' dead!



DRAWN BY WUANITA SMITH

En de two er us, we grabbed 'im—dat  
rabbit layin' still,  
En dey never wuz no lightnin' made sich  
quick time 'cross de hill!  
We des tore up de big road—splashed  
thoo' de branch, en des  
Took 'cross de spinnin' country lak de  
Limited Express!

We made tracks wid dat rabbit: we  
went it fas' en blin',  
Fer we 'lowed we'd raised de ded up, en  
de ded wuz clost behin'!  
De home-folks 'lowed dat trouble, or de  
whitecaps, wuz ter tell,  
En some crawled up de chimbley, en some  
jumped down de well!

But de t'ing wuz Providential: we  
flopped dat rabbit down.  
En cut off befo' his hind-foots, en rubbed  
de folks all 'roun';  
Fer no matter whar de beast is, in de  
springtime er de fall,  
Hit's still de gravey'd rabbit brings de  
bes' luck er 'em all.

Dat night we koched six 'possums; de tur-  
keys clean fergot  
Dat roos'in' high wuz better dan in loafin'  
'roun' de lot.  
'Peared lak dey wuz expectin' us—a gob-  
blin' at de gate,  
En lookin' des ez ef dey said, "How come  
you come so late?"

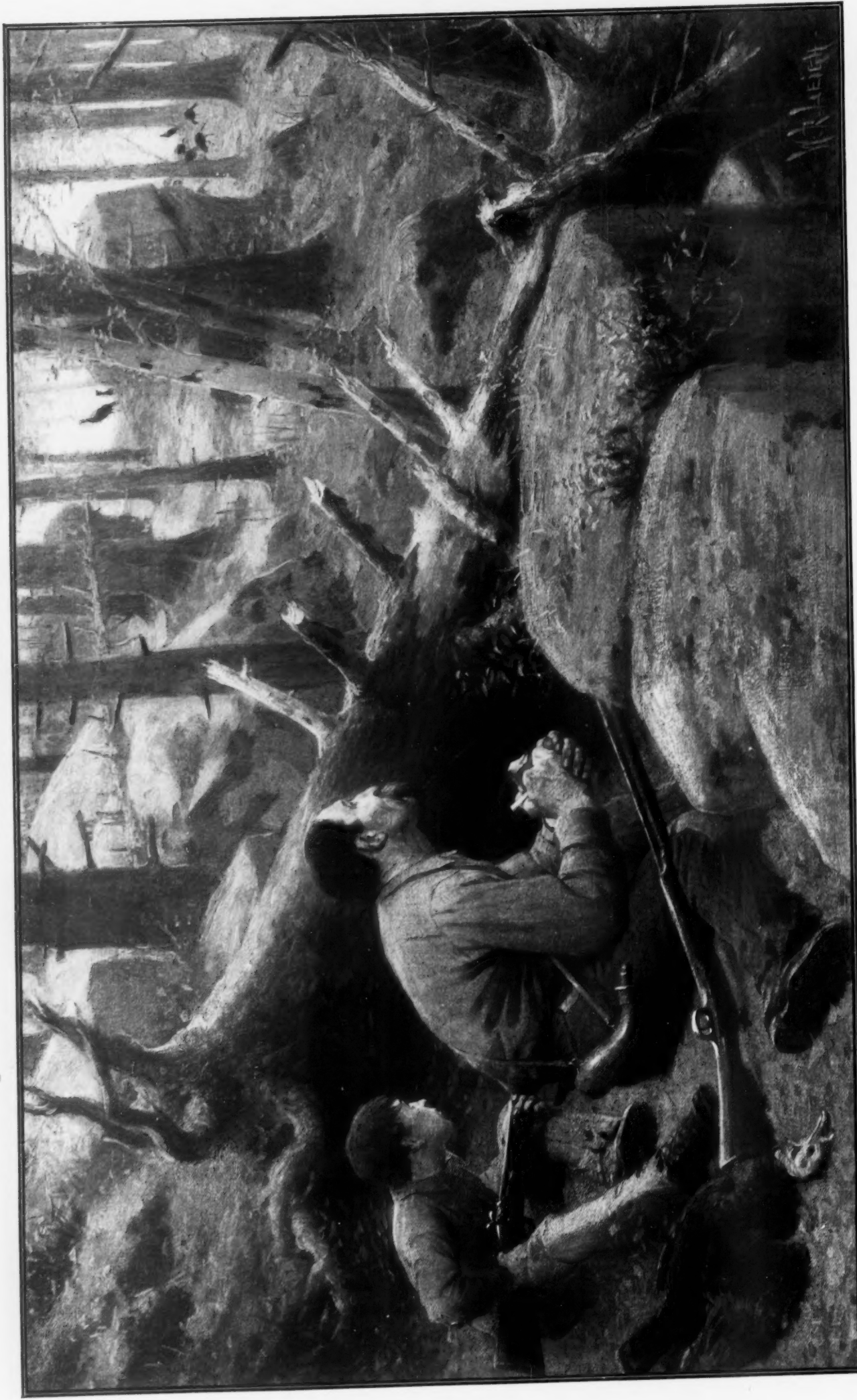
En dat Thanksgiving dinner! . . . Hit  
beat de country 'roun';  
De turkey en de 'taters, en de 'possum  
by de poun';  
De preacher ax de blessin'—en hit de  
'possum, too;  
But nuttin' 'peared to please 'im lak dat  
gravey'd rabbit stew!

He didn't know dat rabbit come f'um de  
gravey'd place;  
Dat a new grave wuz his piller, en de  
ghosts had see his face;  
En he say whilst he a-eatin': "Dis dish  
too good ter save—  
But I feels des' lak a rabbit wuz a-runnin'  
'cross my grave!"

We didn't make no answer, do 'twuz  
treatin' er 'im bad;  
But sich a sudden twitchin' er de jints  
dat he had,  
En such a creepy feelin'! . . . Long 'fo' de  
fiddle play  
He wuz hoppin' lak a hoppergrass dat  
lately hit de May!

He rise up f'um de table in sight er one  
en all,  
En wink he eye, en bat he ears, en hop  
all 'roun' de hall;  
En holler ter de gueses: "Ez I hopes de  
Lawd 'll save,  
Dar's a rabbit in de gravey'd des a-run-  
nin' 'cross my grave!"

He couldn't do dat dinner no jestic on  
dat day!  
He hop all 'roun' de table, 'twell he hop  
hisse'f away:  
En dey knows it 'roun' de country, en dey  
tell it high en low,  
De gravey'd rabbit's got 'im, en he'll hop  
'twell Jedgmint blow!



DRAWN BY W. R. LEIGH

## CALLING WILD TURKEYS IN THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS OF VIRGINIA

This method of capturing the Thanksgiving bird requires some skill and great patience. The flock scatters at the approach of the hunter, who then conceals himself and waits until the birds, reassured by his disappearance, disclose their whereabouts and call to one another. The hunter imitates this call by blowing



through a hollow bone held in a peculiar way. The turkey call can be closely approximated by a careful and practiced hunter. The birds, answering the call, approach slowly; when within range, the outcome and the size of the bag depend on the marksmanship and skill of the hunter—who pursues a very shy quarry





# THE ROMANCE OF A PIRATE'S DAUGHTER

By FRANK R. STOCKTON

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null," Etc., Etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

## SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Major Stede Bonnet, an eccentric planter of Bridgetown, Barbadoes, conceiving a strange enterprise, buys a ship, enlists a crew of ruffians, puts to sea, and announces to his men that henceforth all are pirates. Kate Bonnet, the Major's daughter, was to have sailed with him, but suspecting the character of the sailors, she escapes to land, where, on account of her stepmother's unfriendliness, she is cared for by Dame Charter, who, with her son Dickory, accompanies Kate to Jamaica, where all are taken to live with Kate's uncle, Delaplaine. Dickory sails back to Barbadoes for news of Bonnet. Meanwhile Pirate Bonnet has taken and destroyed so many ships that H.M.S. "Badger," Captain Vince, is despatched to capture him. While fitting in Jamaica, Captain Vince falls in love with Kate and offers

to spare her father for her sake. She spurns his advances, and he sets out on his mission. The ship carrying Dickory to Barbadoes is captured by Pirate Bonnet, but set free again after taking off Dickory. Bonnet puts into Balize, Honduras, the rendezvous of pirates, and there meets the infamous Blackbeard, who robs him of his ships, sets him ashore, and puts to sea in Bonnet's own vessel, taking Dickory with him. Dickory escapes on an island where Blackbeard stopped for water. Here he meets a marooned family, and all are presently rescued by a passing ship. The news that Bonnet has quit piracy for mercantile pursuits reaches Kate and she sails from Jamaica for Balize. There she meets her father; but Bonnet, rather than return to a planter's life ashore, escapes in the night on a pirate ship.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### CAPTAIN ICHABOD



KATE BONNET was indeed in a sad case. She had sailed from Kingston with high hopes and a gay heart and, before she left, she had written to Master Martin Newcombe to express her joy that her father had given up his unlawful calling and to say how she was going to sail after him, fold him in her forgiving arms and bring him back to Jamaica, where she and her uncle would see to it that his past sins were forgiven on account of his irresponsible mind, and where, for the rest of his life, he would tread the paths of peace and probity. In this letter she had not yielded to the earnest entreaty which was really the object and soul of Master Newcombe's epistle. Many kind things she said to so kind a friend, but to his offer to make her the queen of his life she made no answer. She knew she was his very queen, but she would not yet consent to be invested with the royal robes and with the crown.

And when she had reached Balize how proudly happy she had been. She had seen her father, no longer an outlaw, honest, though in mean condition; earning his bread by honorable labor. Then, with a still greater pride, she had seen him clad as a noble gentleman and bearing himself with dignity and high complacency. What a fine figure he would have made among the fine folks who were her uncle's friends in Kingston and in Spanish Town. But all this was over now. With his own hands he had told her that once again she was a pirate's daughter. She went below to her cabin where, with wet cheeks, Dame Charter attended her.

Mr. Delaplaine was angry, intensely angry. Such a shameful, wicked trick had never before been played upon a loving daughter. There were no words in which to express his most justifiable wrath. Again he went to the town to learn more, but there was nothing more to learn, except that some people said they had reason to believe that Bonnet had gone to follow Blackbeard. From things they had heard, they supposed that the vessel which had sailed away in the night had gone to offer herself as consort to the *Revenge*; to rob and burn in the company of that notorious ship.

There was no satisfaction in this news for the heart of the good merchant, and when he returned to the brig and sought his niece's cabin, he had no words with which to cheer her. All he could do was to tell her the little he had learned and to listen to her supplications.

"Oh, uncle!" she exclaimed, "we must follow him, we must take him, we must hold him, I care not where he is, even if it be in the company of the dreadful Blackbeard. We must take him, we must hold him and, this time, we must carry him away, no matter whether he will or no. I believe there must be some spark of feeling even in the heart of a bloody pirate which will make him understand a daughter's love for her father, and he will let me have mine. Oh, uncle! We were very wrong! When he was here with us we should have taken him then; we should have shut him up; we should have sailed with him to Kingston."

All this was very depressing to the soul of Kate's loving uncle; for how was he to sail after her father and take him and hold him and carry him away? He went away to talk to the captain of the *Belinda*, but that tall seaman shook his head. His vessel was not ready yet to sail, being much

delayed by the flight of Bonnet. And, moreover, he vowed, that, although he was as bold a seaman as any, he would never consent to set out upon such an errand as the following of Blackbeard. It was terrifying enough to be in the same bay with him, even though he were engaged in business with the pirate, for no one knew what strange freak might, at any time, suggest itself to the soul of that most bloody roisterer; but, as to following him, it was like walking into an alligator's jaws. He would take his passengers back to Kingston, but he could not sail upon any wild cruises nor could he leave Balize immediately.

But Kate took no notice of all this, when her uncle had told it to her. She did not wish to go back to Jamaica; she did not wish to wait at Balize. It was the clamorous longing of her heart to go after her father and to find him, wherever he might be, and she did not care to consider anything else.

Dame Charter added also her supplications. Her boy was with Blackbeard, and she wished to follow the pirate's ship. Even if she should never see Mr. Bonnet—whom she loathed and despised, though never saying so—she would find her Dickory. She, too, believed that there must be some spark of feeling, even in a bloody pirate's heart, which would make him understand the love of a mother for her son, and he would let her have her boy.

Mr. Delaplaine sat brooding on the deck. The righteous anger kindled by the conduct of his brother-in-law, and his grief for the poor stricken women, sobbing in the cabin, combined together to throw him into the most dolorous state of mind, which was aggravated by the knowledge that he could do nothing, except to wait until the *Belinda* sailed back to Jamaica and to go to Jamaica in her.

As the unhappy merchant sat thus, his face buried in his hands, a small boat came alongside and a passenger mounted to the deck. This person, after asking a few questions, approached Mr. Delaplaine.

"I have come, sir, to see you," he said; "I am Captain Ichabod of the sloop *Restless*."

Mr. Delaplaine looked up in surprise. "That is a pirate ship," said he.

"Yes," said the other; "I'm a pirate."

The newcomer was a tall young man, with long, dark hair and with well-made features and a certain diffidence in his manner which did not befit his calling.

Mr. Delaplaine rose. This was his first private interview with a professional sea-robber, and he did not know exactly how to demean himself, but as his visitor's manner was quiet, and as he came on board alone, it was not to be supposed that his intentions were offensive.

"And you wish to see me, sir?" said he.

"Yes," said Captain Ichabod, "I thought I'd come over and talk to you. I don't know you, bedad, but I know all about you, and I saw you and your family when you came to town to visit that old fox, bedad—that sugar-planter that Captain Blackbeard used to call Sir Nightcap. Not a bad joke, either, bedad. I have heard of a good many dirty, mean things that people in my line of business have done, but, bedad, I never did hear of any captain who was dirty and mean to his own family. Fine people, too, who came out to do the right thing by him, after he had been cleaned out, bedad, by one of his 'Brothers of the Coast.' A rare sort of brother, bedad, don't you say so?"

"You are right, sir," said Mr. Delaplaine, "in what you say of the wild conduct of my brother-in-law, Bonnet. It pleases me, sir, to know that you condemn it."

"Condemn! I should say so, bedad," answered Captain Ichabod, "and I came over here to say to you—that is, just to mention, not knowing, of course, what you'd think about it, bedad—that I'm goin' to start on a cruise to-morrow (that is, as soon as I can get in my water and some stores, bedad—

water, anyway), and if you and your ladies might happen to fancy it, bedad, I'd be glad to take you along. I've heard that you're in a bad case here; the captain of this brig being unable, or quite unwilling, to take you where you want to go."

"But where are you going, sir?" in great surprise.

"Anywhere," said Captain Ichabod, "anywhere you'd like to go. I'm starting out on a cruise, and a cruise with me means anywhere. And my opinion is, sir, that if you want to come up with that crackbrained sugar-planter, you'd better follow Blackbeard; and the best place to find him will be on the Carolina coast; that's his favorite hunting-ground, bedad, and I expect the sugar-planter is with him by this time."

"But will not that be dangerous, sir?" asked Mr. Delaplaine.

"Oh, no," said the other; "I know Blackbeard, and we have played many a game together. You and your family need not have anything to do with it. I'll board the *Revenge*, and you may wager, bedad, that I'll bring Sir Nightcap back to you by the ear."

"But there's another," said Mr. Delaplaine; "there's a young man belonging to my party—"

"Oh, yes, I know," said the other, "the young fellow Blackbeard took away with him. Clapped a cocked hat on him, bedad! That was a good joke! I will bring him, too. One old man, one young man—I'll fetch 'em both. Then I'll take you all where you want to go to. That is, as near as I can get to it, bedad. Now you tell your ladies about this and I'll have my sloop cleaned up a bit, and as soon as I can get my water on board I'm ready to hoist anchor."

"But, look you, sir," exclaimed Mr. Delaplaine, "this is a very important matter and cannot be decided so quickly."

"Oh, don't mention it, don't mention it," said Captain Ichabod; "just you tell your ladies all about it and I'll be ready to sail almost any time to-morrow."

"But, sir—" cried the merchant.

"Very good," said the pirate captain, "you talk it over, I'm going to the town now and I'll row out to you this afternoon and get your instructions." And with this he got over the side.

Mr. Delaplaine said nothing of the visit, but waited on deck until the captain came on board, and then many were the questions he asked about the pirate Ichabod.

"Well, well!" the captain exclaimed, "that's just like him; he's a rare one! Ichabod is not his name, of course, for I am told he belongs to a good English family, a younger son, who, having taken his inheritance, invested it in a sloop and turned pirate. He has had some pretty good fortune, I hear, in that line; but it hasn't profited him much, for he is a terrible gambler and all that he makes by his prizes he loses at cards, so he is nearly always poor. Blackbeard sometimes helps him, so I have heard—which he ought to do, for the old pirate has won bags of money from him—but he is known as a good fellow and to be trusted. I have heard of his sailing a long way back to Balize to pay a gambling debt he owed, he having captured a merchantman in the meantime."

"Very honorable indeed," remarked Mr. Delaplaine.

"As pirates go, a white crow," said the other. "Now, sir, if you and your ladies want to go to Blackbeard, and a rare desire is that, I swear you cannot do better than let Captain Ichabod take you. You will be safe, I am sure of that, and there is every reason to think he will find his man."

When Mr. Delaplaine went below, with his extraordinary news, Dame Charter turned pale and screamed.

"Sail in a pirate ship?" she cried. "I've seen the men belonging to one of them, and as to going on board and sailing with them, I'd rather die just where I am."

To the good dame's astonishment and that of Mr. Delaplaine, Kate spoke up very promptly. "But you cannot die here, Dame Charter, and if you ever want to see your son



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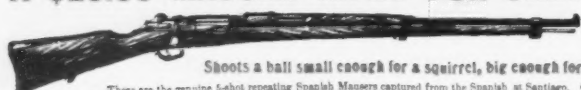
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We have recently decided to put Lone Creek up in bottles and to offer it direct to consumers who want a superior article at a low price. We have only one argument—quality. Only one price—\$3.20 per gallon delivered. Only one way of doing business—the honest old-fashioned way.

**NOW THEN** If you want to taste the finest whiskey in America—a genuine ten-year-old whiskey—a whiskey made as whiskey should be made and ripened as it should be ripened—all we ask you to do is to send for a sample gallon. We will leave the matter of quality entirely within your hands.

### We Don't Ask a Cent of Money

in advance. We don't ask a cent of money under any circumstances until you are first thoroughly satisfied that Lone Creek is absolutely and unqualifiedly the best whiskey you ever tasted under any conditions—from any concern—at any time—or for any price.

### All You Have To Do Is To Write

us a letter asking us to forward a four-quart sample package free of all charges to you, the same to be opened by you and tested **before** paying for it. If you don't find it a whiskey of far superior quality to any you have ever used **don't take it.** Call the expressman, **send it back.** We don't ask you or want you to pay for it or to be out one penny unless you are satisfied it is the kind of whiskey you want.

### GIVE US PLAIN INSTRUCTIONS

where to send the package. We will pay all express charges. We will take all the chances of Lone Creek pleasing you. It is a superb whiskey. Nothing like it ever offered in America in bottles. If you like the whiskey pay the Express Agent \$3.20 for the whiskey and 15 cents charges for return of money. **IF YOU WANT TO SAVE THIS 15 CENTS** you can send money with your order. We don't ask it. The 15 cents goes into the pocket of the express company, not ours.

**NOTE.** Be kind enough to mention Collier's. This offer is good only to points east of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico, and special arrangements are required to points on the line of the Southern Express.

**LONE CREEK DISTILLERY**  
NEWPORT, KENTUCKY





"OH, DON'T KILL HIM! DON'T KILL HIM!" "HE WILL HURT NOBODY; HE IS ONLY HUGGING THE OLD GENTLEMAN"

again you have got to go to him. Which is also the case with me and my father; and, as there is no other way for us to go, I say, let us accept this man's offer, if he be what my uncle thinks he is. After all, it might be as safe for us on board his ship as to be on a merchantman and be captured by pirates, which would be likely enough in those regions where we are obliged to go; and so, I say, let us see the man and, if he don't frighten us too much, let us sail with him and get my father and Dickory."

"It would be a terrible danger, a terrible danger," said Mr. Delaplaine.

"But, uncle," urged Kate, "everything is a terrible danger in the search we're upon; let us, then, choose a danger that we know something about and which may serve our needs, rather than one of which we're ignorant and which cannot possibly be of any good to us."

It was actually the fact that the little party in the cabin had not finished talking over this most momentous subject before they were informed that Captain Ichabod was on deck. Up they went, Dame Charter ready to faint. But she did not do so. When she saw the visitor, she thought it could not be the pirate captain but some one whom he had sent in his place. He was more soberly dressed than when he first came on board, and his manners were even milder. The mind of Kate Bonnet was so worked up, by the trouble that had come upon her, that she felt very much as she did when she hung over the side of her father's vessel, at Bridgetown, ready to drop into the darkness and the water when the signal should sound. She had an object now, as she had had then, and again she must risk everything. On her second look at Captain Ichabod, which embarrassed him very much, she was ready to trust him.

"Dame Charter," she whispered, "we must do it or never see them again!"

So, when they had talked about it for a quarter of an hour, it was agreed that they would sail with Captain Ichabod.

When the sloop *Restless* made ready to sail the next day there was a fine flurry in the harbor. Nothing of the kind had ever before happened here. Two ladies and a most respectable old gentleman sailing away under the skull and crossbones—that was altogether new in the Caribbean Sea. To those who talked to him about his Quixotic expedition, Captain Ichabod swore—and, at times, as many men knew, he was a great hand at being in earnest—that if he carried not his passengers through their troubles and to a place of safety, the *Restless*, and all on board of her, should mount to the skies in a thousand bits. Although this alternative would not have been very comforting to said passengers, if they had known of it, it came from Captain Ichabod's heart and showed what sort of a man he was.

Old Captain Sorby came to the *Restless* in a boat, and, having previously washed one hand, came on board and bade them all good-by with great earnestness.

"You will catch him," said he to Kate, "and my advice to you is, when you get him, hang him. That's the only

way to keep him out of mischief. But as you are his daughter you may not like to string him up, so I say, put irons on him. If you don't he'll be playin' you some other wild trick. He is not fit for a pirate anyway, and he ought to be taken back to his calves and his chickens."

Kate did not resent this language; she even smiled a little sadly. She had a great work before her and she could not mind trifles.

None of the other pirates came on board, for they were afraid of Sorby, and, when the great man had made the round of the decks and had given Captain Ichabod some bits of advice, he got down into his boat. The anchor was weighed, the sails hoisted, and, amid shouts and cheers from a dozen small boats, containing some of the most terrible and bloody sea-robbers who had ever infested the face of the waters, the *Restless* sailed away—the only pirate ship which had, perhaps, ever left port followed by blessings and goodwill: goodwill, although the words which expressed it were curses, and the men who waved their hats were blasphemers and cutthroats.

Away sailed our gentle and most respectable party, with the Jolly Roger floating high above. Kate, looking skyward, noticed this and took courage to bewail the fact to Captain Ichabod. He smiled. "While we're in sight of my Brethren of the Coast," he said, "our skull and bones must wave, but when we're well out at sea we will run up an English flag, if it please you."

### CHAPTER XXX

#### DAME CHARTER MAKES A FRIEND



CAPTAIN ICHABOD was in high feather. He whistled, he sang, and he kept his men cleaning things. All that he could do for the comfort of his passengers he did, even going so far as to drop as many of his "bedads" as possible. Whenever he had an opportunity, and these came frequently, he talked to Mr. Delaplaine, addressing a word or two to Kate if he thought she looked gracious. For the first day or two, Dame Charter kept below. She was afraid of the men and did not even want to look at them if she could help it.

"But the good woman is all wrong," said Captain Ichabod to Mr. Delaplaine; "my men would not hurt her. They're not the most tremendous kind of pirates anyway, for I could not afford that sort. I have often thought that I could make more profitable voyages if I had a saviour lot of men. I'll tell you, sir, we once tried to board a big Spanish galleon and the beastly foreigners beat us off, bedad, and we had a hard time of it gettin' away. There are three or four good

fellows in the crew—tough old rascals who came with the sloop when I bought her; but most of my men are but poor knaves, and not to be afraid of."

This comfort Mr. Delaplaine kept to himself, and, on the second day out, the food which was served to them being most wretchedly cooked, Dame Charter ventured into the galley to see if she could do anything in the way of improvement.

"I think you may eat this," she said, when she returned to Kate, "but I don't think that anything on board is fit for you. When I went to the kitchen, I came near dropping dead, right in the doorway; that cook, Mistress Kate, is the most terrible creature of all the pirates that ever were born, I do believe. His eyes are blistering green and his beard is all twisted into points with the ends stuck fast with blood, which has never been washed off. He roars like a lion, with shining teeth, but he speaks very fair, Mistress Kate; you would be amazed to hear how fair he speaks. He told me—and every word he said set my teeth on edge with its grating—that he wanted to know how I liked the meals cooked; that he would do it right if there were things on board to do it with. Which there are not, Mistress Kate. And when he was beatin' up that broth for me, and I asked him if he was not tired workin' so hard, he pulled up his sleeve and showed me his arm, which was like a horse's leg, all covered with hair, and asked me if I thought it was likely he could tire himself with a spoon. I'm sure he would give us better food if he could, for he leaned over and whispered to me, like a gust of wind coming in through the door, that the captain was in a very hard case, having lately lost everything he had at the gaming-table, and, therefore, had not the money to store the ship as he would have done."

"Oh! don't talk about that, Dame Charter," said Kate; "if we can get enough to eat, no matter what it is, we must be satisfied and think only of our great joy in sailing to my father and to your Dickory."

That afternoon, Captain Ichabod found Kate by herself, on deck, and he made bold to sit down by her; and, before he knew what he was about, he was telling her his whole story. She listened carefully to what he said. He touched but lightly upon his wickednesses, although they were plain enough to any listener of sense, and bemoaned his fearful passion for gaming, which was sure to bring him to misery one day or another.

"When I have staked my vessel and have lost it," said he, "then there will be an end of me."

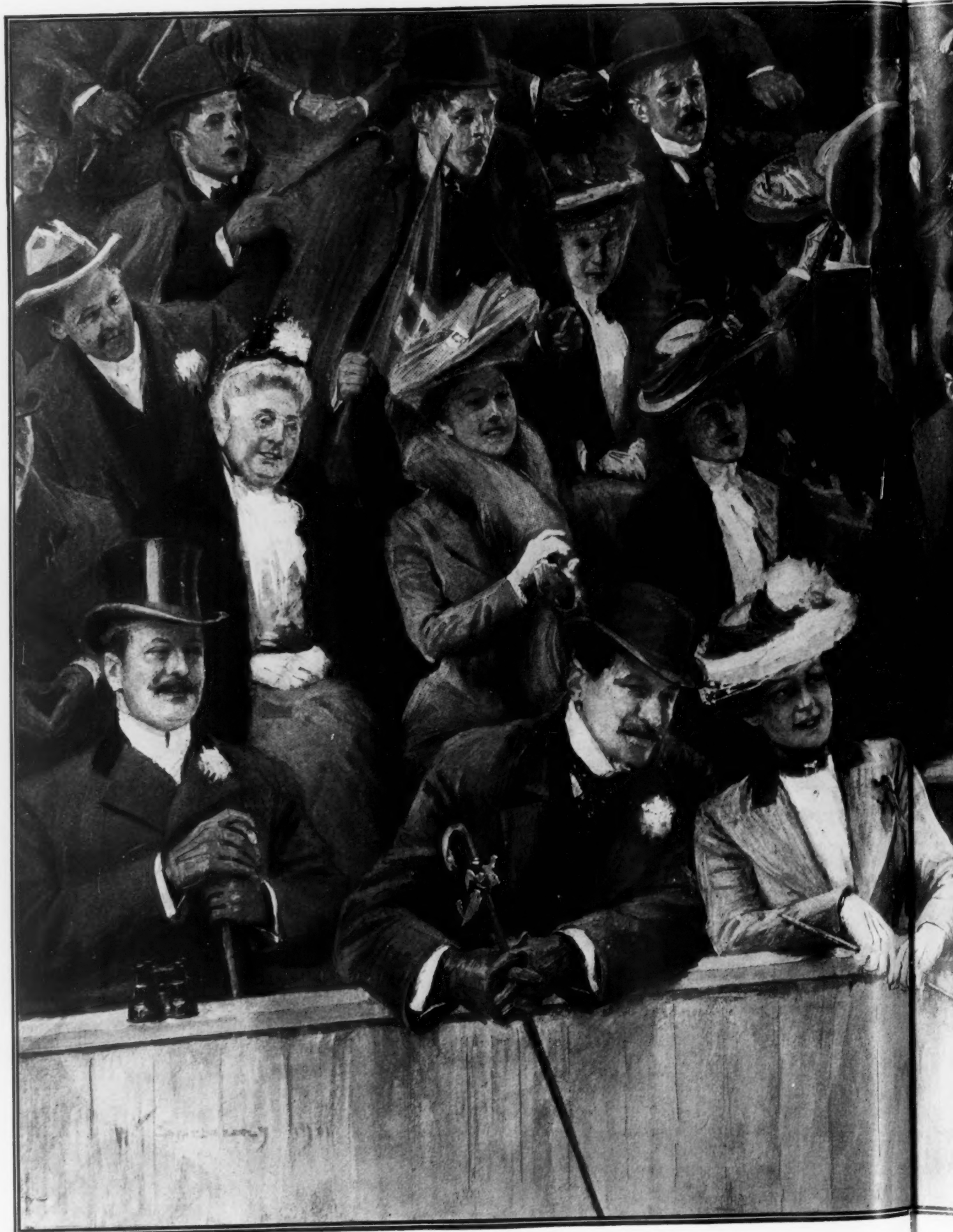
"But why don't you sell your vessel, before you lose it," said Kate, "and become a farmer?"

His eyes brightened. "I never thought of that," said he; "bedad—excuse me, miss—some day, when I've got a little together and can pay my men, I'll sell this sloop and buy a farm, bedad. I beg your pardon, miss, I'll buy a farm."

Kate smiled; but it was easy to see that Captain Ichabod was in earnest.

The next day, Captain Ichabod came to Mr. Delaplaine and





DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY

“GOOD TA





TACKLE!"

## KATE BONNET: The Romance of a Pirate's Daughter

took him to one side. "I want to speak to you," he said, "about a bit of business. You may have noticed, sir, that we are somewhat short of provisions, and the way of it was this. The night before we sailed, hoping to make a bold stroke at the card-table, and thereby fit out my vessel in a manner suitable to the entertainment of a gentleman and ladies, I lost every penny I had. I did hope that our provisions would last us a few days longer, but I am disappointed, sir. That cook of mine, who is a soft-hearted fellow, his neck always ready for the heel of a woman, has thrown overboard even the few stores we had left for you, the good Dame Charter having told him they were not fit to eat. And more, sir, even my men are grumbling. So I thought I would speak to you and explain that it would be necessary for us to overhaul a merchantman and replenish our food supply. It can be done very quietly, sir, and I don't think that even the ladies need be disturbed."

Mr. Delaplaine stared in amazement. "Do you mean to say," he exclaimed, "that you want me to consent to your committing piracy for our benefit?"

"Yes, sir," answered the captain, "that's what I suppose you would call it; but that's my business."

"Now, sir, I wish you to know that I am a Christian and a gentleman," said Mr. Delaplaine.

"That's all very true, bedad," said Captain Ichabod, "but you're also another thing: you're a human being and you must eat."

"This is terrible!" exclaimed the merchant, "that, at my time of life, I should consent to a felony at sea, and to profit by it. I cannot bear to think of the wickedness and the disgrace of it."

"Most respected sir," said Ichabod, "if the fellows behave themselves properly and don't offer to fight us, then there'll be no wickedness, bedad. I can make a good enough show of men to frighten any ordinary merchant crew, so that not a blow need be struck; and that's what I expect to do, sir. I would not have any disturbance before ladies, you may be sure of that, bedad. We bear down upon a vessel; we order her to surrender; we take what we want and let her go. Truly, there is no wickedness in that. And, as for the disgrace, we can all better bear that than starve."

Mr. Delaplaine looked at the pirate without a word. He could not comprehend how a man, with such a frank and honest face, could thus avow his dishonest principles. But, as he gazed and wondered, the thought of a scheme flashed across the mind of the merchant; a thoroughly business-like scheme. This bold young pirate captain might seize upon such supplies as they were in need of, but he, Felix Delaplaine, of Spanish Town, Jamaica, would pay for them. Thus might their necessities be relieved and their consciences kept clean. But he said nothing of this to Ichabod; the pirate might deem such a proceeding unprofessional and interpose some objection. Payment would be the merchant's part of the business and he would attend to it himself. A look of resignation now came over Mr. Delaplaine's face.

"Captain," said he, "I must yield to your reason; it is absolutely necessary that we shall not starve."

Ichabod's face shone and he held out his hand. "Bedad, sir," he cried, "I honor you as a bold gentleman and a kind one. I will instantly lay my course somewhat to the eastward, and I promise you, sir, it will not be long before we run across some of these merchant fellows. I beg you, sir, speak to your ladies and tell them that there will be no unpleasant commotion; we may draw our swords and make a fierce show, but, bedad, I don't believe there'll be any fighting. We shall want so little—for I would not attempt to take a regular prize, with ladies on board—that the fellows will surely deliver what we demand, the quicker to make an end of it."

"If you are perfectly sure," said Mr. Delaplaine, "that you can restrain your men from violence, I would like to be a member of your boarding party; it would be a rare experience for me."

Now Captain Ichabod fairly shouted with delight. "Bravo! Bravo!" he exclaimed. "I didn't dream, sir, that you were a man of such a noble spirit. You shall go with us, sir. Your presence will aid greatly in making our hoped-for capture a most orderly affair; no one can look upon you, bedad, without knowing that you are a high-minded and honorable man and would not take a box or case from any one if you did not need it. Now, sir, we shall put about and, by good fortune, we may soon sight a merchantman. Even if it be but a coast-wise trader, it may serve our purpose."

Mr. Delaplaine, with something of a smile upon his sedate face, hurried to Kate, who was upon the quarter-deck.

"My dear, we are about to introduce a little variety into our dull lives. As soon as we can overhaul a merchantman, we shall commit a piracy. But don't turn pale; I have arranged it all."

"You!" exclaimed the wild-eyed Kate.

"Yes," said her uncle, and he told his tale. "And remember this, my dear," he added, "if we cannot pay we do not eat. I shall be as relentless as the bloody Blackbeard; if they take not my money, I shall swear to Ichabod that we touch not their goods."

"And you are sure," she said, "that there will be no bloodshed?"

"I vouch for that," said he, "for I shall lead the boarding party."

She took him by both hands. "Why," she said, "it need be no more than laying in goods from a storehouse; and I cannot but be glad, dear uncle, for I am so very, very hungry."

Now Dame Charter came running and puffing. "Do you know," she cried, "that there is to be a piracy? The word has just been passed and the cook told me. There is to be no bloodshed, and the other ship will not be burned and the people will not be made to walk a plank. The captain has

given those orders, and he is very firm, swearing, I am told, much more than is his wont. It is dreadful, it is awful, just to think about, but the provisions are gone and it is absolutely necessary to do something, and it will really be very exciting. The cook tells me he will put me in a good place where I cannot be hurt and where I shall see everything. And, Mistress Kate and Master Delaplaine, I dare say he can take care of you too."

Kate looked at her uncle as if to ask if she might tell the good woman what sort of a piracy this was to be, but he shook his head. It would not do to interfere any more than was necessary with the regular progress of events. The captain came up, excited. "Even now, bedad," he cried, "there are two sails in sight; one far north, and the other to the eastward, beating up this way. This one we shall make for. We have the wind with us, which is a good thing, for the *Restless* is a bad sailer and has lost many a prize through that fault. And now, miss," he said, addressing Kate, "I shall have to ask your leave to take down that English flag and run up our Jolly Roger. It will be necessary, for if the fellows fear not our long guns, they may change their course and get away from us."

"That will be right," said Kate; "if we're going to be pirates, we might as well be pirates out and out."

Captain Ichabod glowed with delight. "What a girl this was, and what an uncle!"

It was not long, for the *Restless* had a fair wind, before the sail to the eastward came fully into sight. She was, in good truth, a merchantman, and not a large one. Dame Charter, very much excited, wondered what she would have on board.

"The cook tells me," said she to Kate, "that sometimes ships from the other side of the ocean carry the most astonishing and beautiful things."

"But we shall not see these things," said Kate, "even if that ship carries them. We shall take but food and shall not unnecessarily despoil them of that. We may be pirates, but we shall not be wicked."

"It is hard to see the difference," said Dame Charter, with a sigh, "but we must eat. The cook tells me that they have made peaceful prizes before now. This they do when they want some particular thing, such as food or money, and care not for the trouble of stripping the ship, putting all on board to death and then setting her on fire. The cook never does any boarding himself, so he says, but he stands on the deck here, armed with his great axe, which likes him better than a cutlass, and, no matter what happens, he defends his kitchen."

"From his looks," said Kate, "I should imagine him to be the fiercest fighter among them all."

"But that is not so," said Dame Charter. "He tells me that he is of a very peaceable mind, and would never engage in any broils or fights if he could help it. Look, look!" she cried; "they're running out their long brass guns, and do you see that other ship, how her sails are fluttering in the wind? And there, that little spot at the top of her mast; that's her flag, and it is coming down! Down, down, it comes, and I must run to the cook and ask him what will happen next."

### CHAPTER XXXI

#### MR. DELAPLAINE LEADS A BOARDING PARTY



STEADILY SOUTHWARD sailed the brig *Black Swan*, which bore upon its decks the happy Mander family and our poor friend Dickory, carrying with him his lifelong destiny in the shape of the bloodstained letter from Captain Vince.

The sackcloth draperies of Lucilla, with the red cord lightly tied about them, had given place to a very ordinary gown, fashioned by her mother and herself, which added so few charms to her young face and sparkling eyes that Dickory often thought that he wished there were some bushes on deck so that she might stand behind them and let him see only her face, as he had seen it when first he met her. But he saw the pretty face a great deal, for Lucilla was very anxious to know things and asked many questions about Barbadoes, and also asked if there was any probability that the brig would go straight on to that lovely island without bothering to stop at Jamaica. It was during such talks as this that Dickory forgot, when he did forget, the bloodstained letter that he carried with him always.

Our young friend still wore the naval uniform, although in coming on the brig he had changed it for some rough sailors' clothes. But Lucilla had besought him to be again a brave lieutenant.

They sailed, and they sailed, and there was but little wind, and that from the south and against them. But Lucilla did not complain at their slow progress. The slowest vessel in the world was preferable, just now, to a desert island which never moved.

David was at the wheel, and Mander stood near him. These old friends had not yet finished talking about what had happened in the days since they had seen each other. Mrs. Mander sat, not far away, still making clothes, and the little Lena was helping her in her childlike way. Lucilla and Dickory were still talking about Barbadoes. There never was a girl who wanted to know so much about an island as that girl wanted to know about Barbadoes.

Suddenly there was a shout from above.

"What's that?" asked Mander.

"A sail," said David, peering out over the sea but able to see nothing. Lucilla and Dickory did not cease talking.

At that moment Lucilla did not care greatly about sails, there was so much to be said about Barbadoes.

There was a good deal of talking, forward, and, after a while, the captain walked to the quarter-deck. He was a gruff man and his face was troubled.

"I am sorry to say," he growled, "that the ship we have sighted is a pirate; she flies the black flag."

Now there was no more talk about Barbadoes, or what had happened to old friends; and the sewing dropped on the deck. Those poor Manders were chilled to the soul. Were they again to be taken by pirates?

"Captain," cried Mander, "what can we do? Can we run away from them?"

"We could not run away from their guns," growled the captain, "and there is nothing to do. They intend to take this brig, and that's the reason they have run up their skull and bones. They are bearing directly down upon us, with a fair wind; they will be firing a gun, presently, and then I shall lay to and wait for them."

Mander stepped toward Dickory and Lucilla. His voice was husky, as he said: "We cannot expect, my dear, that we shall again be captured by forbearing pirates. I shall kill my wife and little daughter rather than they shall fall into the bloody hands of ordinary pirates; and to you, sir, I will commit the care of my Lucilla. If this vessel is delivered over to a horde of savages, I pray you, plunge your dirk into her heart."

"Yes," said Lucilla, clinging to the arm of Dickory, "if those fierce pirates shall attack us, we will die together."

Dickory shook his head. In an awful moment such as this, he could hold out no false illusions. "No," said he, "I cannot die with you; I have a duty before me, and until it is accomplished I cannot willingly give up my life. I must rather be even a pirate's slave than that. But I will accept your father's charge; should there be need, I will kill you."

"Thank you very much," said Lucilla, coolly.

To the surprise of the people on the *Black Swan*, there came no shot from the approaching pirate; but, as she still bore down upon them, running before the wind, the captain of the brig lay to and lowered his flag. Submission now was all there was before them. No man on the brig took up arms, nor did the crew form themselves into any show of resistance; that would have but made matters worse.

As the pirate vessel came on, nearer and nearer, a great number of men could be seen, stretched along her deck, and some brass cannon were visible, trained upon the unfortunate brig. But to the surprise of the captain of the *Black Swan*, and of nearly everybody on board of her, the pirate did not run down upon her to make fast and board. Instead of that, she put about into the wind, and lay to, less than a quarter of a mile away. Then, two boats were lowered and filled with men, who rowed toward the brig.

"They have special reasons for our capture," said the captain to those who were crowding about him; "he may be well laden now with plunder, and comes to us for our gold and silver. Or, it may be that he merely wants the brig. If that be so, he can quickly rid himself of us."

That was a cruel speech when women had to hear it, but the captain was a rough fellow.

The boats came on as quietly as if they were about to land at a neighboring pier. Dickory and Lucilla cautiously peeped over the rail, Dickory without his hat and Lucilla hiding herself, all but a part of her face, behind him. The Manders crouched together on the deck, the father with glaring eyes and a knife in his hand. The crew stood, with their hats removed and their chins lowered, waiting for what might happen next.

Up to this time Dickory had shown no signs of fear, although his mind was terribly tossed and disturbed; for, whatever might happen to him, it possibly would be the end of that mission which was now the only object of his life. But he grated his teeth together and awaited his fate.

But now, as the boats came nearer, he began to tremble and, gradually, his knees shook under him.

"I would not have believed that he was such a coward as that," thought Lucilla.

The boats neared the ship and were soon made fast. Every help was offered by the crew of the brig and not a sign of resistance was shown. The leader of the pirates mounted to the deck, followed by the greater part of his men. For a moment Captain Ichabod glanced about him, and then, addressing the captain of the brig, he said: "This is all very well. I am glad to see that you have sense enough to take things as you find them, and not to stir up a fracas and make trouble. I overhauled you that I might lay in a stock of provisions, and some wine and spirits beside, having no desire, if you treat us rightly, to despoil you further. So we shall have no more words about it, bedad, and if you will set your men to work to get on deck such stores as my quartermaster here may demand of you, we shall get through this business quickly. In the meantime, lower two or three boats so that your men can row the goods over to my vessel."

The captain of the *Black Swan* simply bowed his head and turned away to obey orders, while Captain Ichabod stepped a little aft and began to survey the captured vessel. As soon as his back was turned, the captain of the brig was approached by a very respectable elderly gentleman, apparently not engaged either in the mercantile marine or in piratical pursuits, who stopped him and said: "Sir, my name is Felix Delaplaine, merchant, of Spanish Town, Jamaica. I am, against my will, engaged in this piratical attack upon your vessel, but I wish to assure you privately that I will not consent to have you robbed of your property, and that, although some of your provisions may be taken by these pirates, I here promise, as an honorable gentleman, to pay you the full value of all that they seize upon."

The captain of the *Black Swan* had no opportunity to make





an answer to this most extraordinary statement; for, at that moment, a naval officer, shouting at the top of his voice, came rushing toward the respectable gentleman who had just been making such honorable proposals. Almost at the same moment, there was a great shout from Captain Delahod, who, drawing his cutlass from its sheath, raised the glittering blade and dashed in pursuit of the naval gentleman.

"Hold there! hold there!" cried the pirate, "don't you touch him; don't you lay your hand upon him!"

But Delahod was not quick enough. Dickory, swift as a stag, stretched out both his arms and threw them around the neck of the amazed Mr. Delaplaine.

Now the pirate, Delahod, reached the two; his great sword went high in air and was about to descend upon the naval person, whoever he was, who had made such an unprovoked attack upon his honored passenger, when his arm was caught by someone from behind. Turning, with a great curse, his eyes fell upon the face of a young girl.

"Oh, don't kill him! Don't kill him!" she cried; "he will hurt nobody; he is only hugging the old gentleman."

Captain Delahod looked from the girl to the two men, who were actually embracing each other. Dickory's back was toward him, but the face of Mr. Delaplaine fairly glowed with delight.

"Oh!" said Delahod, turning to Lucilla, "and what does this mean, bedad?"

"I don't know," she answered, "but the gentleman in the uniform is a good man. Perhaps the other one is his father."

"To my eyes," said Captain Delahod, "this is a most fearsome mix."

The Mander family, and nearly everybody else on board, crowded about the little group, gazing with all their eyes but asking no questions.

"Captain Delahod," exclaimed Mr. Delaplaine, holding Dickory by the hand, "this is one of the two persons you were taking us to find. This is Dickory Charter, the son of good Dame Charter, now on your vessel. He went away with Blackbeard and we were in search of him."

"Oh!" cried Captain Delahod, "by my life, I believe it. That's the young fellow that Blackbeard dressed up in a cocked hat and took away with him."

"I am the same person, sir," said Dickory. "So far, so good," said Captain Delahod. "I am very glad that I did not bring down my cutlass on you, which I should have done, bedad, had it not been for this young woman."

Now up spoke Mr. Delaplaine. "We have found you, Dickory," he cried, "but what can you tell us of Major Bonnet?"

"Ay, ay," added Captain Delahod, "there's another one we're after; where's the runaway Sir Nightcap?"

"Alas!" said Dickory, "I do not know. I escaped from Blackbeard, and since that day have heard nothing. I had supposed that Captain Bonnet was in your company, Mr. Delaplaine."

Now the captain of the *Black Siren* pushed himself forward. "Is it Captain Bonnet, lately of the pirate ship *Revenge*, that you're talking about?" he asked. "If so, I may tell you something of him. I am lately from Charles Town, and the talk there was that Blackbeard was lying outside the harbor in Stede Bonnet's old vessel and that Bonnet had lately joined him. I did not venture out of port until I had had certain news that these pirates had sailed northward. They had two or three ships, and the talk was that they were bound to the Virginias, and perhaps still further north. They were fitted out for a long cruise."

"Gone again!" exclaimed Mr. Delaplaine, in a hoarse voice. "Gone again!"

Captain Delahod's face grew clouded.

"Gone north of Charles Town!" he exclaimed; "that's bad, bedad, that's very bad. You are sure he did not sail southward?" he asked of the captain of the brig.

That gruff mariner was in a strange state of mind. He had just been captured by a pirate, and, in the next moment, had made what might be a very profitable sale, to a respectable merchant, of the goods the pirate was about to take from him. Moreover, the said pirate seemed to be in the employ of said merchant, and, altogether, things seemed to him to be in as frowsome a mix as they had seemed to Captain Delahod. But he brought his mind down to the question he had been asked.

"No doubt about that," said he; "there were some of his men in the town—for they are afraid of nobody—and they were not backward in talking."

"That upsets things badly," said Captain Delahod, without unclenching his brow. "With my slow vessel and my empty purse, bedad, I don't see how I am ever goin' to catch Blackbeard if he has gone north. Finding Blackbeard would have been a handful of trumps to me, but the game seems to be up, bedad."

The captain of the brig and Delahod's quartermaster went away to attend to the transfer of the needed goods to the *Restless*. Mander and his wife and little daughter were

standing together gazing with amazement at the strange pirates who had come aboard, while Lucilla stepped up to Dickory, who stood silent, with his eyes on the deck.

"Can you tell me what this means?" said she.

For a moment he did not answer, and then he said: "I don't know everything myself, but I must presently go on board that vessel."

"What!" exclaimed Lucilla, stepping back, "is she there?"

"Yes," said Dickory.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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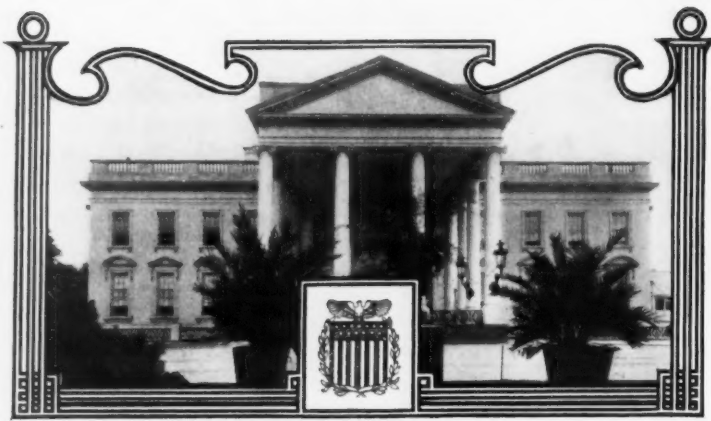
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## THANKSGIVING AT THE WHITE HOUSE

By Captain THOMAS F. PENDEL, Chief Usher

THIS THANKSGIVING finds the people still bowed with sorrow for the death of a great and good President. These, the first words of President Roosevelt's first Thanksgiving proclamation, indicate the manner in which Thanksgiving will be observed at the White House this year.

The President will pass the day as quietly as any private citizen, and the Executive Mansion will be the scene of only such formalities as characterize any private residence on that particular holiday. The unwritten rules in regard to a White House Sunday will be applied on Thanksgiving Day. These rules place a ban on official calls, and on any form of public interruption. It will be distinctly a Roosevelt family day. The dinner will be entirely *en famille*—if any guests are present they will be the personal friends of the family, and their host will be Theodore Roosevelt and not the President of the United States.

### THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN TWO CHURCHES

The President will follow the course which in his proclamation he recommends for all citizens, namely, "that throughout the land the people cease from their wonted occupations, and at their several homes and places of worship reverently thank the Giver of all good for the countless blessings of our national life." In the morning the President, accompanied, perhaps, by his son Kermit, will attend service at the Grace Reformed Church. Ever since he entered the White House as President it has been Mr. Roosevelt's custom to walk to church, and very likely he will not depart from that custom on Thanksgiving Day. He believes in giving all the employees of the White House as much time as he consistently can to themselves on Sundays and holidays. It is interesting to mention, in passing, that Mr. Roosevelt is the first President of the Dutch Reformed faith since Van Buren. Meanwhile, Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Alice Roosevelt will go to kneel in prayer and thanksgiving at St. John's Episcopal Church, the oldest church edifice in Washington—the one in which the "Father of his Country" worshipped.

### PRESIDENT IN BOOTS AND SPURS

At one o'clock, after the President's return from church, luncheon will be served in the family dining-room, with perhaps a few personal friends as guests. This will be in accordance with the President's custom—he has several times remarked that he is so busy that only at luncheon and dinner time does he find opportunity to converse with his intimates.

As the day is not Sunday but a holiday, Mr. Roosevelt will probably have his saddle-horse brought round as usual, at five o'clock. His love of the saddle and his habit of riding every day except Sunday has set the pace for all Washington. Everybody now either rides or is learning to ride, and the back of a horse has become more the fashion than the seat of a carriage. Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Roosevelt usually accompany the President, and all center at a tearing pace over the beautiful country roads, through the woods, even fording the streams beyond Massachusetts Avenue. The President rides a good jumper, and, to gratify his fondness for "taking fences," has caused hurdles to be built in the White Lot, or Monument Grounds, back of the White House. Frequently, therefore, whenever will may repair to the White House paddock at five and watch the President "take his fences."

### LONG ISLAND TURKEY AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Now comes the function of the day concerning which most citizens outside of Washington are most interested—Thanksgiving dinner at the White House. It will be served in the family dining-room. The state dining-room has not been used since Mr. Roosevelt's advent. He has had no occasion to use it,

nor will he have such occasion until after the coming of the new year. As all official Washington knows, the state dining-room is wholly inadequate in size. It accommodates only forty, and the President cannot escape offending many high officials unless he invites at least seventy guests or more to several state dinners. At such times the state apartment is abandoned and the dinner is held in the "red corridor," a long, narrow, draughty affair with ten doors and not a single window. The consequence is that the waiters must scrape the walls or spill things over the guests while passing around the table. But none of this inconvenience will fall to the lot of the President, his family or his few guests at the Thanksgiving dinner.

The *chef d'œuvre* of the dinner, the turkey, I am told, will come from Long Island, a present from one of the President's neighbors at Oyster Bay. As the orders given to Henry Pritchard, the White House steward, are always to serve the plainest viands in the plainest American fashion, it is to be presumed that the President's Thanksgiving dinner will not differ materially from that served in any other American household—cranberry sauce, spinach, celery, mince pie, plum pudding and all.

### HOW TEN PRESIDENTS SPENT THANKSGIVING

My own memories of Thanksgivings at the White House extend back to Lincoln's time. I was appointed to my place in this home of Presidents in December, 1864, and as I had been acting as bodyguard to President Lincoln for two months prior to my appointment, I am able to recall thirty-seven White House Thanksgivings Days. I have, therefore, known two other just such Thanksgiving Days as the present one—the one in the year of Lincoln's assassination, the other in the year Garfield was shot. Sorrow still pervaded the land on Thanksgiving, 1865, even though our beloved President had breathed his last the preceding April. Garfield died September 19, 1881, the same month and in the same week as William McKinley in the present year. Both of these Thanksgivings Days were observed in the same quiet fashion, with the same dignity of sorrow as will characterize the day at the White House this year.

Besides the three martyred Presidents, the finger of Death, since my appointment, has touched two other persons within the White House walls. One was little Willie Lincoln, the favorite son of President Lincoln. How often I watched Mr. Lincoln carrying little Willie on his back, "playing horse," and loudly ha-ha-ing up the old-fashioned staircase which was a few years ago torn away to make room for an elevator. And when that gay little life passed beyond, I saw the strong body of President Lincoln rent with grief, and ever after that—he had only a few months longer to live—I could see that the tears were near the surface. The other death within the White House walls was that of Mr. Allen, the Minister from Hawaii, while attending President Arthur's New Year's reception.

Having been in the White House on Thanksgiving Day for thirty-seven years, from Lincoln to (I hope) Roosevelt, I recall how the day was spent by ten different Presidents. All, of course, went to church in the morning—Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, and McKinley to the Methodist Church, Garfield to the Disciples, Arthur to the Episcopal, and Cleveland and Harrison to the Presbyterian. All these Presidents, with the single exception of Mr. Hayes, spent the day informally with their families, entertaining only one or two personal friends at dinner. Mr. Hayes, always fond of entertaining, ate Thanksgiving dinner with all those connected with the White House. These were the only occasions on which secretaries, clerks, telegraph operators and others employed in the Executive Mansion have ever sat at table and broken bread with the Chief Executive.



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**THANKSGIVING DINNERS**

By Mrs. Gesine Lemcke

IT IS A FAR CRY from the old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner of New England, with its roast turkey, done in delicate brown, garnished with the abundance of the farm, and for dessert the illimitable pie, to the "swell" Thanksgiving dinner of today, where the good dishes of yore are replaced with pert young things flaunting French names and international complications, and where the turkey, once the proud possessor of the centre of the stage, now comes in for only a small share of attention, if he comes in at all. However, now that the First Lady of the Land has set the pace for simplicity in dress and home, teaching by force of example that therein lies satisfaction and refinement, it may be that in selecting the Thanksgiving feast there are many who will take care to put this idea into action and show some regard to the inevitable coming of the next morning.

**TWO THANKSGIVING MENUS**

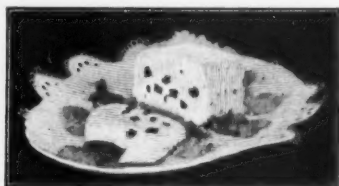
Here are two menus, at the extremes of simplicity and luxury.

The first menu, for six persons, may be provided at an approximate cost of three dollars. This includes a plain soup, vegetable, tomato, or some other inexpensive kind; a fish; turkey, with two or three vegetables; and, for dessert, the inevitable pie, pumpkin or apple, with cheese. Not a bad dinner for the price; and it is safe to assume that thousands of just such dinners will be served throughout the land on November 28.

The second menu is also for six, and its approximate cost thirty dollars—this, of course, exclusive of the wines, the expense of which could not be generally estimated. Instead of oysters, grape-fruit, iced and flavored with sloe gin, or a canape of caviar, should be served; then soup, a rich consommé, with sherry or Madeira flavor; the *hors d'œuvres* should consist of game or chicken timbales, radishes, olives and celery; for fish, salmon, with sauce Hollandaise, served with sliced cucumbers or tomatoes and potato balls; then fillet of beef garnished with mushroom croquettes, ball-shaped, and tiny stuffed tomatoes; an *entree*, sweetbreads with peas; then punch or sherbet, the Imperial punch being generally preferred; then game, grouse or partridge, with jelly and a salad. The dessert should be of the usual Thanksgiving variety—mince, apple, and pumpkin pie—with a meringue, fruits, nuts, raisins, etc.

**DESSERT AND DRESSING**

A popular dessert, and one that is very new, is called *Fiore de latt*, which is an Italian meringue mixed with cream; candied fruits, cherries, pineapples, and strawberries are soaked in maraschino and then mixed with the meringue; a form is lined with strawberry ice and the mixture placed in its centre, the whole packed in ice for four hours. When it



FIOR DE LATTI

is cut the colors of the fruit and the rich cream make an effect as delicious to the eye as to the taste. This dessert is not as expensive as its description sounds. If made at home, the cost will not exceed half a dollar for six persons.

The popular and newest dressing for the turkey is chestnut forcemeat.

**THE FEAST FOR THE EYE**

Women, it is said, eat with their eyes, and it is safe to conclude that the woman who is planning her Thanksgiving dinner thinks, first of all, how she can make her table attractive in appearance. This artistic arrangement depends to a great extent on the guests invited—whether it is a family dinner with those of varying ages and tastes, or the dinner where the hostess has as carefully selected her guests with an eye to congeniality as she has her *entrées* and *pièce de résistance*. Said one woman, tearfully, speaking of her dinner decorations for the holiday, "I never can have my table pretty, for I have to arrange the flowers so as to hide the children, and of course that does spoil the general effect."

In fashionable dinner giving, the note of decoration this year is monochromatic; for society has gone monochrome mad. Not only must a woman's gowns be of a single shade or tint, but, so far as possible, her rooms and table appointments must follow this lead.

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HOTEL PORTER

## WITH THE RUSSIANS IN ASIA—IV

By FREDERICK PALMER, Special Correspondent of Collier's Weekly in the East

WHEN YOU ARE as far as Irkutsk you contemplate the longest train ride in the world, which takes you to Moscow in eight days, with something of the satisfaction of a man who has climbed five out of six pairs of stairs to his office when the elevator has broken down. Irkutsk is the capital of Western Siberia and the second largest city in all Siberia. Call it a Slavonic Chicago, if you wish a geographical comparison; though the only evidence of Western enterprise that I saw there was McSheedy and his partner. At the hotel door, I half stopped to scan two faces which had the unmistakable characteristics of my kind. Only their clothes puzzled me: Derby hats propped up by ears and outrageous-fitting, dust-begrimed, long black coats.

"Maybe you think we're working a disguise," said McSheedy, his blue eyes twinkling. "It's too cold here in winter to go naked and we had to wear something."

Between Vladivostok and Irkutsk I had met one other American, Huff, in charge of an American-owned store at Khabarovsk. Huff was the salt of the earth. He prevented the loss of my trunk by speaking Russian like a native to his good friend, the station master. I never had a friend quite as sorry to see me depart from any place as this sole fellow-citizen in a lonely province. I was proud of McSheedy and his partner, in the name of my country whose pioneering spirit they impersonated. In his time—he was twenty-six—McSheedy had worked in a Pittsburgh glassworks, bossed coal miners and "go-ed" a dog-led to the Klondike. Without speaking any Russian at all at first, he and his partner had brought a big consignment of American machinery from Moscow to Irkutsk; forwarded it to remote parts and set it up; travelled on springless wagons and on horseback thousands of miles; taught unruly convicts the virtue of the good Irish-American fist (ensuring the victims' respect thereafter); slept in filthy Mongolian tents; lived on bread, beef, and tea; and still they smiled as merrily as if life were a cheerful dream and gave Irkutsk an object lesson in energy every time they passed along the streets.

"I don't suppose you want to go home?" I said to McSheedy.

He gave his cigar a tilt; he thrust his hands into his pockets; he looked down at that ungodly apparel. Then he spoke with deep sarcasm:

"Do I? Oh, no, you couldn't drag me!"

We dined together on what there was to eat, and drank to the health of the American people; and he showed me Irkutsk.

At the hotel, my humble attention was enthralled by two giant porters over six feet in height. They were selected to fit a single gorgeous gold-braided coat reaching to the floor. Whichever one was on duty wore it. Though the guest only dropped in for a bottle of vodka, his cap (sword, also, if desired) was received with a profound bow.

"Fancy that in Dawson!" McSheedy observed.

### "POLITICAL REFUGEES"

Nearby is the great show prison, whither the traveller is taken in order that calumnies may be ridiculed by object lesson. It proves that the prisoners are relatively as well cared for as our own. Quite unarmed, the Governor will walk among the hardened murderers and criminals of the worst type, while they in turn will bless him with a "Good-morning, father." The traveller does not see what is beyond—underground in the mines—in remote sections.

Only exile in Siberia, not the convict system, has been abolished. Offenders are now sent to the mines in Northern

Russia and Siberia or to Saghalien Island on the Pacific coast. The railway system, in one instance, has made long marches a thing of the past, and in the other the journey is made in crowded pens aboard a government steamer. There the advantage ends. In the earlier days, though the government did not realize it, the exiles were going to a rich country. Many of them, following the precedent of the convicts sent by England to Australia, have become well-to-do farmers or merchants, who are better off in the world's goods, as well as in comfort, than many of their relatives at home.

"Of course, the successful ones all say that they are political refugees," said an officer. If Russia cannot be satisfied by the history of criminology in other lands, she has here an illustration of her own of the value of leniency. It was for the sake of the honest convicts and the emigrants, and because of the bad convicts, that the stream of exile was directed to other channels. The railroad is reaping for the government the errors which it sowed through many years. Now, when M. de Witte's great ambition is to lessen the unrest and the pressure of population, his would-be emigrants are held back by the very name of Siberia, whose horrors have furnished winters' tales around every fireside, and by stubborn facts as well in the form of idle ticket-of-leave convicts turned ambling parasites or murderous brigands. I saw more tramps in one day in Irkutsk than I ever saw in any city of equal size in America. They hobbled about the streets begging; they sat blinking at the sunlight from the safe cover of the shade; or lay where they had fallen, sleeping off their vodka.

"It's always easy to get enough to eat in Siberia," is the explanation to the stranger.

After the churches, it is, this time, not the Governor's Palace but the government-built Opera House which is the first building. Its size is suitable to a city with the population of Buffalo rather than to a town of sixty thousand inhabitants, thirty-five hundred miles from Moscow. It looks down upon a field of log houses, but in the main street, which it faces, the few passersby saunter as if they were in the foyer between the acts. The occasional company which comes may be sure that every officer and official will be in evidence every night.

### RUSSIAN RAILROADS AND RAILROADERS

The through bi-weekly express leaves Irkutsk at midnight on Monday and arrives at Moscow at 6 p.m. on Tuesday the week following. Those who have travelled four days and a half to "Frisco" know with what relief they greet the Rockies; how much worse the tedium of the second day is than the first, and that of the third than the second; how the fourth and fifth are saved by the grandeur of the mountains; how the cars ring and the nose smarts as you step on to the ferry at Oakland. Then consider that there are no Rockies; consider that the whole landscape is a plain; and that you have to talk in a foreign tongue if you would make yourself understood. Two of the express trains every month are the same as the famous *train de luxe* which was on exhibition at the Paris Exposition—barring the gymnastic apparatus and including the baths. They had the apparatus in all good faith, the story runs, on the first trip. Four or five Englishmen were aboard. Each wanted to use it all the time. What was the use of a diversion that only created discord among the passengers? The parts of the apparatus that were not broken are now in the manager's house in Moscow.

These bi-weekly trains are run by the same International Sleeping Car Company which carries you in bed all over Europe. They have carpets on the floors and are upholstered in

plush. The Russian fast trains for the other six trips of the month have oilcloth on the floor and imitation wall cloths. The Russian prefers the native product. There is more room in the compartments for his teapots, his baggage, and his dog. The boast that the train is the finest in the world depends upon whether you like a compartment or the car open from end to end with berths on the aisle. The foreigner thinks our method not only uncomfortable—undressing in a coffin, they call it—but very modest.

Economy as well as prejudice makes the Russian put all his baggage in his compartment. In crossing the United States, you are allowed one hundred and fifty pounds of baggage free; in Russia, about forty pounds. From Irkutsk to Moscow, the excess on my trunk, which weighed eighty pounds, was six dollars. The fare, including sleeper and *train de luxe* special ticket, was forty-five dollars, or about half the cost for the same distance in the United States. Second-class fare is twenty-five per cent less; third-class, comparatively as much cheaper, and fourth-class as cheap as lodgings in the Bowery. When I bought my ticket I was, for the time being, a believer in State-owned railways. However, I learned that the most profitable, best-managed railway in Russia is the only one owned by a company, and my experience left the statement unqualified.

### THE GOLDEN "AMERICANSKY"

Between Irkutsk and the Urals the train passes three towns of some importance, Tcheliabinsk, Omsk and Tomsk, which is the largest city in Siberia. Omsk is ten miles from the station. As for Tomsk, which is sixty, it is said that the engineers demanded a large bonus from her merchants in return for bringing the road to their gates, and the merchants could not afford the price. The stations were from ten to a hundred miles apart. We stopped at every one for from five to ten minutes. There was usually a line of great boards meeting so many capbrims, which watched the palatial wonder with stolid curiosity. Only once did I observe any particular desire to come away from the comfortable support of the fence pickets encircling the station garden. Then a big Baldwin compound engine was drawing us over a section of the road. If the average Russian sees anything that is well made and labor-saving he is inclined to save inquiry by calling it "Americansky." He regards us as a most terrible, ingenious and godless people, who worship the golden calf. Our other god is work, whose abject slaves we are. Siberian convicts running away to America have returned with the conviction that they would rather be convicts in the one place than free men in the other.

"There you work eight hours a day under a man they call the boss," runs the complaint. "No time for tea or to rest a minute or talk. Either you've got to work that way or you can't get a job at all. In Siberia, you may work twelve hours, but you don't have to do nearly as much. You take your time; you have your tea, and you rest if you please."

When it comes to matters of taste and relative values, even mountains may be included. My friend the porter kept reminding me of the necessity of rising early in order to see the Urals; and added to his advice the authority of calling me. We ran around some beautiful wooded slopes without any snowy summits, here descending and there climbing in gradual ascents. If you have spent your life on the steppes you are justified in calling them grand. At one point every one began straining his eyes and everybody said, "Ah!" or "There it is!" as a plain stone shaft flitted by. We had passed out of Asia into Europe; out of Siberia into Russia.

Once over the divide, the greater population was immediately apparent. It seemed to increase in density all the way



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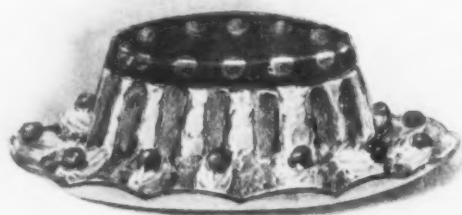
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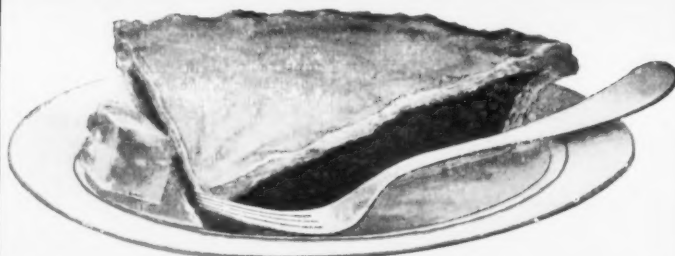
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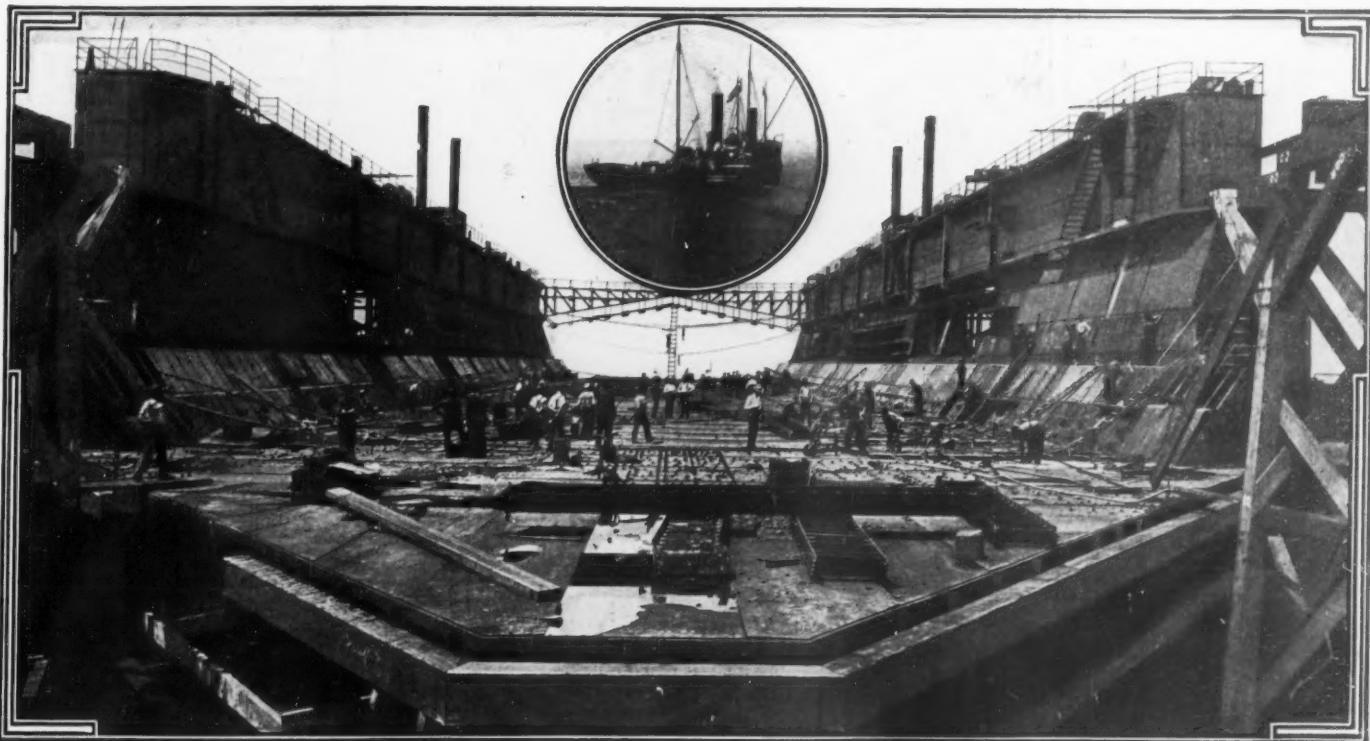
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across the Gulf Stream, through Providence Channel of the Bahamas between Great Abaco and Eleuthera, in and out in a general southeasterly direction among the coral islands and jetties of the British possessions to Salt Key Banks, just north of Cuba; then the coast of Cuba or the Florida Reefs had to be skirted, according to which was windward; past Tortugas, in a direct west-northwest line to the jetties of the Mississippi; and last, but by no means least, over "the bar," against the concentrated current between the jetty walls. The cost of insurance alone was \$50,000 for the trip.

## THE MOQUI SNAKE-DANCE AT WALPI, ARIZONA



The Indian in the foreground is trying, with the aid of his eagle feather snake whip, to coax a rattler to uncoil, after which he will pick the snake up with impunity. It is only when the snakes coil that the Moquis seem afraid of them. Photographed during the recent ceremonies on the Arizona Indian Reservation

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THE LATE LI HUNG CHANG AND HIS PERSONAL SUITE AT PEKIN

## Reminiscences of Li Hung Chang

By EMIL S. FISCHER

WHEN, after the conclusion of the Sino-Japanese War, the Chinese Government delegated Li Hung Chang to the Coronation at Moscow and to visit the rulers of the Continental treaty powers and the United States, the foreigners residing in the treaty port of Shanghai anticipated with great curiosity the arrival of the Oriental statesman and Minister Extraordinary. His favorite steam yacht, one of the vessels belonging to the fleet of the China Merchants' Steam Navigation Company, carried the "Grand Old Man of China" and his large suite from Tientsin, the northern port, to the settlement near the mouth of the Yang-tze River. An Imperial salute was given by the Woosung Forts, when the ship arrived at the outer harbor of Shanghai; the soldiers, who lined both sides of the embankment of the Whangpoo River for fifteen miles, fired salutes of rockets and mole bonfires while Li proceeded up the river to Shanghai. The high provincial authorities, among whom were the Governor of Kiangsu, the Fantai or Treasurer, the Taotai and Chief Magistrate of Shanghai City, as well as thousands of other petty officials, had gone in a fleet of steamers and junks down to Woosung to meet the Grand Secretary. They accompanied Li's ship up the river, until it fastened alongside the Band of the French Concession, better known as Quai de France.

### ARRIVAL AT SHANGHAI

A great mass of Chinese had assembled before the arch which was erected in honor of the distinguished guest. The head of the prominent native merchant guilds, with an endless chain of delegates, the elders of the larger provincial towns, all hurried aboard the ship and made three times each their "kowtow," knocking their heads quite down on the floor. The venerable statesman appeared in his yellow brocade riding-jacket, one of the distinctions given him by his Imperial master, and wearing his official hat, decorated with the peacock feather, another of the court insignia familiar to the world.

Li Hung Chang entered the green sedan chair specially provided by the Governor. He was carried on the shoulders of sixteen coolies through the throngs of Chinese and foreigners which flanked the streets of the French concession and both the English and American settlements.

### LI AT THE JOSS HOUSE

Finally the procession arrived at the Joss House in North Homan Road. This is the great Buddhist temple in the American section of Shanghai. The courtyards of this temple, which, like all houses of worship in China, are public gathering-places, were filled with thousands of Celestials. The chair coolies carried the Chinese leader of the "Ever Victorious Army"—who, with Gordon, subdued the Taiping Rebellion in the sixties—to the annex of the temple, and through the gates. Among those who accompanied Li Hung Chang on this memorable occasion were his chief interpreters, Sir Chi Chen Lo Fong Lo, afterward Minister to St. James's, and his Excellency Wu Ting Fang, at present Minister to Washington.

From the moment of the arrival of Li Hung Chang at the Joss House up to the time of his departure for Europe there began a continuous flurry of entertainments, ceremonials, and official calls.

### THE GRAND BALL AT SHANGHAI

There was the dance given by former United States Consul-General and Mrs. Jernigan, where Li Hung Chang enjoyed for the first time seeing a great assemblage of foreign ladies attired in their most beautiful evening gowns of heavy Chinese silk; the many foreign officials in their gold-laced uniforms, together with naval officers of all the ships anchored in the harbor, the Shanghai Volunteers, and many other distinguished guests. This was typical of many other functions

where Li humorously addressed his familiar, well-known pleasantries to the ladies, especially asking them their age!

### LI AS A FINANCIER

One of the peculiarities of Li's diplomatic life was his constant endeavor to bring about intrigues among the representatives of the powers in Peking. He always calculated to get an advantage out of such schemes. Such was the case when Li was chosen by his government to float the foreign debt of China in order to pay off without delay the war indemnity to Japan. From 1895 to 1898 he concluded three large Chinese loans amounting in all to £48,000,000, and was successful in getting the better of the competing English, German, French, Russian, and American financiers by his shifting policy of playing them one against another.

### HIS COMMERCIAL SHREWDNESS

Very few know what Li did after he had taken a fancy to a smart travelling jeweller, who came to Tientsin in 1894, showing to the old Viceroy, then Governor of the province of Pechili, his precious gems. Li took this jeweller into his confidence. He needed something quite exceptional for presentation to the Dowager Empress at her approaching sixtieth birthday anniversary, for which occasion Chinese Mandarins from all over the Empire were expending hundreds of millions. Li sent the jeweller as his agent to London and Paris, whence the latter shortly brought back a stock of the most superb and costly diamonds, sapphires and other exquisite jewels. Li was so well pleased with this execution of his commission that he took the jeweller further into his confidence, at the time the war with Japan was declared. With Li's assistance, the jeweller became an importer of arms and munitions of war; and not only that, but Li's younger and real son became partner of the jeweller. (The elder, Lord Li, former Minister to Japan, had been adopted at a time when Li did not expect to have any male descendant.) While the elder and adopted son, Lord Li, watched the war at Shanghai, the younger Li, with the assistance of the foreign jeweller, imported all kinds of war material into China. This might have been going on still but for the jealousy of older established importers, who denounced the jeweller, and a regular confiscation of contraband of war on either side followed while the war in Korea and Manchuria was in progress.

### THE EMPEROR'S RECOGNITION

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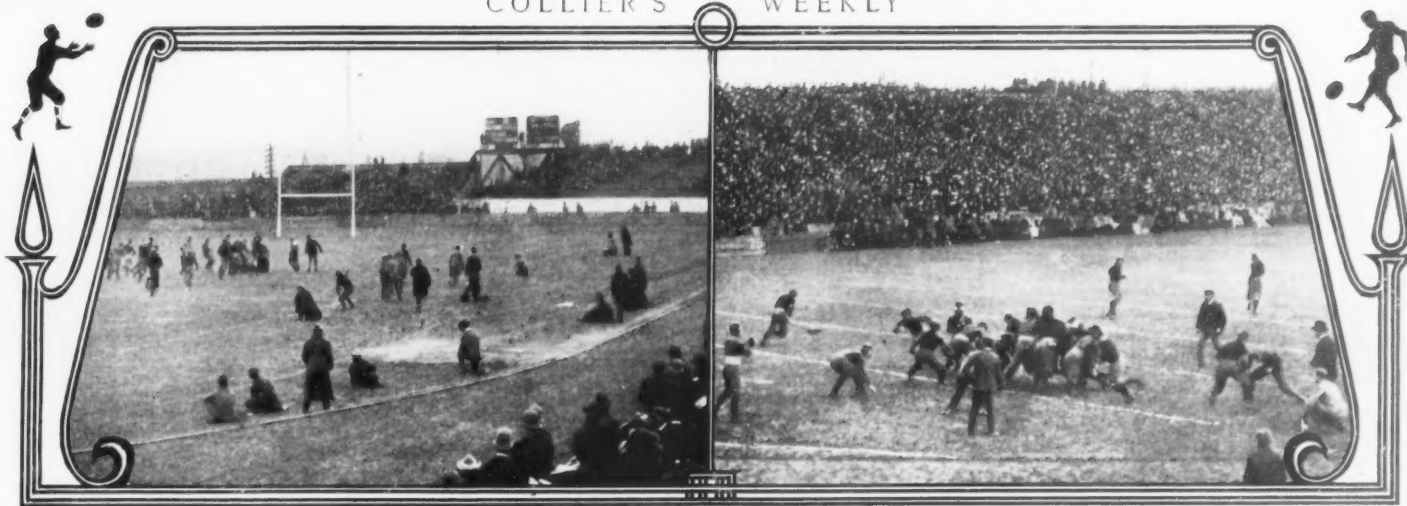
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HARVARD vs. PENNSYLVANIA

HARVARD PUNTING OUT OF DANGER ON HER 3-YARD LINE

## SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY  
WALTER CAMP

### HARVARD 33 PENNSYLVANIA 6



CAPTAIN WINKOFF, SYRACUSE

twenty-five yard line with nothing to do but run straight over the line for a touchdown. This he did, and the goal was kicked after a punt-out. Thus the score stood 12 to 6, and it was at this time that Pennsylvania had really her only enjoyable moment of the game. From that time on Harvard simply ran when and where she pleased, and Pennsylvania was wholly unable to make any distance against her defence. It is the worst beating Pennsylvania has received for years, and the depression was marked. The final score was 33 to 6.

Syracuse came down to New York and put up a game that opened the eyes of Metropolitan followers of football. It was generally expected that Columbia, while not having an easy time, would be able to hold the game safely with a modest score, and perhaps even use some substitutes in the second half, thus saving some of her best men for the Cornell game the following week. After a quarter of an hour spent on the gridiron with the visitors these thoughts had completely disappeared. The problem was no longer how to win comfortably, but how in desperation to avoid defeat. And defeat came with deadly certainty. In fact, it was a wonder that Columbia held the Syracuse eleven down to two scores and scored once themselves. The Syracuse team work was excellent, and she worked the double pass to perfection. Brown and Morris are a pair of runners that would grace any team, and the Syracuse line helped them out well. Columbia made her usual mistake in generalship in the first part of the game when, instead of kicking in her own territory, she undertook to carry the ball nearly the length of the field by the running game and was held for downs when she reached the Syracuse thirty-yard line. The game was interesting, and Columbia got her score

on a fumble by Morris, the Syracuse back. The final score was 11 to 5 in favor of Syracuse, and Coach Sweetland, the old Cornell player, is to be congratulated upon the form of his team.

ANNAPOLIS  
16  
CARLISLE  
5

Annapolis added still more to an already creditable record by defeating the Carlisle Indians with a score of 16 to 5. This was all the more satisfactory from the fact that the Indians started in with a rush and bored holes through the Cadets' line until they had scored a touchdown, at the same time keeping the Navy without score during the first half. In the second half, however, Annapolis found herself, and scored three touchdowns, from one of which she kicked a goal.

YALE  
35  
ORANGE  
0

Yale took her last practice game in meeting the Orange Athletic Club, whom she defeated with ease, at times showing real championship form. The contrast between the two teams was, of course, most marked in drill and execution, although Orange, individually, put up a very good game. The final score was 35 to 0.

WILLIAMS  
11  
WESLEYAN  
5

Williams defeated Wesleyan at Middletown by a score of 11 to 5. Wesleyan's left half-back scoring the five points by kicking a goal from the field just before the end of the second half, when the score stood 11 to 0 against his team.

OTHER  
GAMES

Michigan defeated Ohio State 21 to 0, Northwestern defeated Chicago 6 to 5, Washington and Jefferson beat Bucknell 11 to 5, Bates beat Bowdoin 11 to 0, Trinity defeated New York University 16 to 5, Exeter beat Andover 5 to 0, Hamilton beat Colgate 12 to 0, Maine beat Colby 29 to 0, California beat Stanford 2 to 0, Gallaudet beat Georgetown 18 to 0.

REMAIN-  
ING  
GAMES  
OF THE  
SEASON

The football season is now at its height, the last week in November always being the culmination of the long days of preparation, practice matches, and development. Two games among the minor ones that are to be played are Columbia-Annapolis at Annapolis, and Pennsylvania-West Point at West Point. These two games are being played while we are on the press. On November 23, the games are Yale-Harvard at Cambridge, Cornell-Vermont at Ithaca, Lehigh-Lafayette at Bethlehem, Wesleyan-Amherst at Amherst, and Dartmouth-Brown at Providence. On November 28, Thanksgiving Day, the annual Cornell-Pennsylvania match is played at Philadelphia; Columbia has her annual contest with the Carlisle Indians at New York, and Lehigh plays Georgetown at Georgetown. On the following Saturday, West Point meets Annapolis at Philadelphia. Upon the games of November 28 and 30 we shall comment in our next issue. As to the two matches of November 20, which are now being played, Columbia-Annapolis and Pennsylvania-West Point, these two games ought to be extremely interesting as well as indicative, in a way, of the general result of the match on November 30 between the two Academies. Columbia has already played the University of Pennsylvania and defeated her with comparative ease, the score being 10 to 0; but Columbia was

stronger than that would indicate. Hence it is more than probable that Columbia will, if her entire regular team line up, offer a sturdier proposition to Annapolis than Pennsylvania can or will to West Point. Columbia is far heavier than Annapolis, and her team is playing this year, at times, as strong a game as that of any university, and her back field, for experience and speed, is ahead of anything on the gridiron to-day. For all that, the Columbia team is depressed, at times, with memories of some past seasons, as well as the present one, when she played a good game followed by a most erratic one. In Syracuse she met a powerful team, but the only time Columbia has really been rattled this year was in the Harvard contest. There her team displayed the old trait badly. With that exception, since the defeat at Buffalo, the Columbia team has been playing an excellent game, and the Navy will find its hands considerably more than full to stop it.

On the other hand, West Point, in two or three of her games with the big universities, has displayed unusual strength and Pennsylvania a good deal of weakness. West Point is looking for the same thing that the Columbia team has successfully sought for the last three years, namely, to win a match from one of the big four. Columbia won one this year from Pennsylvania, and West Point is going to try to do the same thing. It will be an interesting match, and well worth going up the river to see.

On November 23, the efforts that Harvard and Yale coaches have put forth most strenuously during the entire season, and especially during the last two weeks, culminate in the contest at Cambridge. Last year when the two teams met both sides were confident. In fact, it was remarkable how certain the partisans of each were that the other team could not defeat theirs. The issue really hung upon whether Yale's particular style of play—tackle-back—could be met by Harvard in the same way in which she had met and defeated Pennsylvania's guards-back. After the first five minutes of the game there was practically no issue on this point, for Harvard was completely at the mercy of the Yale attack, which took distance almost at will, the final score being 28 to 0 in Yale's favor, the home goal not being menaced at all during the contest.

This year matters are very different. In the first place, neither team nor its partisans are inclined to be very confident. Harvard had her lesson last year, and Yale has had two or three lessons this year, in undervaluing opponents. Hence, instead of each being certain of victory, each is pretty well convinced that unless she plays at the top of her form she is going to be beaten. Those who have followed the teams throughout the season have noticed that the conditions are reversed in the development of the two teams this season. Last year, the Yale team progressed with remarkable steadiness. They had a hard time with Columbia, and, while fairly certain performers, were never classed as remarkable until a week before their Princeton game, they met the Indians. Then it was that, for the first time, the public appreciated the tremendous power that was concentrated in the united action of the eleven men wearing the blue. The next week found them even better than in the Indian game, and in the Harvard game they seemed to work almost as one man.

This year the Yale team has never seemed able to strike



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that harmony which was so marked a characteristic of the team of 1900. Occasionally they get together, and then the play is as satisfactory as that of last season; but they speedily disintegrate again, and the backs do not strike the line when the line is going forward, or the line does not go forward when the backs strike it, and there is general chaos again. This has destroyed the effect of both the open and close formation plays. The West Point game, as well as some of the earlier contests, showed not only this weakness, but demonstrated conclusively that Yale needed to pay more attention to and develop the kicking game; for, while the team of 1900 might be able to carry the ball the whole length of the field for a touchdown, the team of 1901 could not hold together long enough to do this. A team that can carry the ball the entire length of the field and not be even breathing hard is a pretty good machine to have, but it comes seldom, and that sort of a team may not really need a kicker except as a matter of ornament. The Yale team this year has a different proposition to face. When it gets together it carries the ball well for a time. Then comes a fumble or a mistaken signal, and the ball goes to the other side, or it comes to three downs, and a kick is necessary. Lately, Yale has realized the situation and has been working on the problem, so that, while she might be a good deal better off had it been more thoroughly realized earlier in the season, she has, at the eleventh hour, developed a couple of men who can kick fairly well.

In defensive work the Yale players have been remarkably steady, but they have not yet met any tandem play as effective as that of Harvard or any end run that strikes the line as fiercely. Last year they solved and put an effective extinguisher upon Harvard's end run even with Sawin, who was a remarkable man at it. But last year they had faster tackles than they have this season, and it is at that point that the end run must be stopped. It has been said that every team some time during the season has a bad slump and gets into fumbling and all sorts of faults. This the Yale team certainly did during the week of the West Point game, and whether the faults have been eradicated for good or not, no one can tell until the team is put under tension again.

Harvard has not had any quite such marked slump, but about the time of her West Point game, which came two weeks before Yale's, her team was not what might be called a creditable representation from the university. Harvard's history this season has been one of fairly consecutive steps of development and pretty much every step has been an upward one. Buffered around in the early part of the season as the weakest team Harvard ever turned out, criticised unsparingly, and generally being given to understand that they were not of much use, the team went through just that period which has always been productive of our best elevens. They learned through grief and affliction to stand punishment. They learned that nobody was going to sympathize with losers; and, best of all, they learned that if they once went on the field against an opponent they had to play the game for themselves and that no excuses for failure to win would be accepted. They played a game with West Point in which they gained little ground, and finally won out by the margin of a score at the last moment. But the Harvard team is a very different proposition to-day, and on their home grounds, with a Yale game before them, will work with desperation to make up for last season. In their game with Pennsylvania they showed themselves capable of exceedingly effective work and played together more as a team than any Harvard eleven since Dibblee's. They brought off their plays with precision. They protected and assisted the runner to the very limit, never failing to push and drag him along after getting him through the line. In this game they quite equalled in this respect Yale's very best work and surpassed anything that Yale has done in the last few weeks. In the kicking game, Harvard will unquestionably have the better of it, and Yale must depend upon her backs to catch certainly and to run back some of the kicks or an interchange will always result to Harvard's advantage. Both teams at their best would make the most exciting struggle on record, with Harvard having the advantage on kicks and Yale on defensive work. The pity of it is that the chances are that one or the other will go to pieces—which one not even a prophet could foretell.

## Football for the Spectator

By WALTER CAMP

THAT THE American public has within the last five years become remarkably well versed in the finer points of football no one who has attended any of the larger games questions. There is patent at once in the comment of the body of spectators a perception of what is technically correct in men and methods that five years ago one would have been astounded to find save among the coaches or players. But there are always appearing new converts to the football cult, while some of the older ones who have not attended the earlier games are likely to desire a little freshening up for the final games, and to these a study of the tactics of the teams is interesting.

To begin at the very first line-up, when the ball is placed upon the ground in the middle of the field, just fifty-five yards from each goal, and the referee is asking both captains if they are ready, preparatory to blowing the whistle which shall set in motion the fast, furious, and exciting seventy-minute contest—then it is that one must be really very hardened or naturally phlegmatic who does not feel at least a thrill of excitement in that breathless hush which precedes the kick-off. And what ought this kick-off to be? There is a great advantage, if a team could accomplish it, in so kicking the ball that it should not fall into the hands of their opponents, but that they (the kicking side) should again secure it and thus be able to attack rather than defend. But the rules are so framed as to make this achievement extremely difficult because the ball must go at least ten yards into the opponents' territory.

The ordinary method, therefore, is to kick the ball straight down the field and take a chance of one of the "backs" fumbling it and an "end" securing it. Naturally this does

not occur often, and hence, as a rule, the side which kicks off loses the ball and their opponents have really the first chance at the attack with the running game.

Under the old rules, the side which had the kick-off might dribble the ball and then peek it up and run with it, but the present rules, providing that the ball must be kicked at least ten yards into the territory of the opponent, have stopped this. There is one other way, without a trick kick, for the side kicking off to accomplish their purpose of getting a chance at the ball, and that is to kick it across the opponents' goal line and, by following it up sharply, prevent its being run out. In that case, the defenders of the goal must themselves kick the ball out from their own twenty-five yard line, so that they too are unable to try a running game, but obliged to surrender the possession of the ball at once by this kick-out. Many trick kicks have been devised which shall send the ball ten yards and yet give the kicking side an opportunity to procure possession of it. The best one that has ever been shown was that by Herschberger of the Chicago team in a match against Pennsylvania. He kicked the ball on its top, so that it rolled slowly along the ground, but had a distinct follow, and at the same time that he kicked it he ran over it and ahead of it while his line interfered with the opponents, and Herschberger himself dropped at the ten-yard line and secured the ball as it rolled to him.

Still another method is that of kicking the ball so that it hits the middle man in the opposing line hard enough and squarely enough to bound back from him before he can catch it. This gives the kicking side an excellent opportunity to secure the ball, but in actual practice it is pretty difficult to hit

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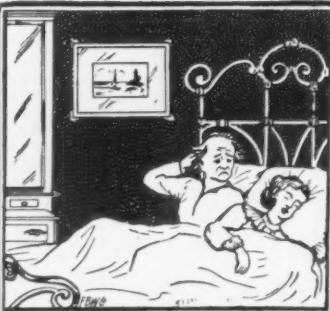
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the man squarely and, more than that, most centres are taught to dodge the ball if it comes at them, and let it go to the back field.

But, after the ball has been kicked off in some one of these various ways, the situation develops rapidly, and the next interesting study is that of the general tactics of the game. It is usually considered good football judgment to kick while the ball is in one's own territory and to play a running game within the territory of the opponent. In this way a team does not undertake to run with the ball further than half the length of the field, and this is wisdom, because even with a strong attack there is generally a slip-up, or the opponents are too strong to admit of steady, continuous progress for a greater gain at one stretch than fifty yards.

A new situation again develops when a team is approaching the opponents' goal, and has been so checked in the running game that a kick is necessary. Here it is manifest that a punt which crosses the goal line will be of little advantage; in fact, quite the contrary; for it only results in a touch-back for the defenders. The team, therefore, will either try a drop-kick, a kick from placement, which amounts to the same as a drop-kick, save that the quarter-back holds it for the kicker, or, finally, kick the ball, either by a quarter-back kick or by an ordinary kick from the back, so that it may fall just short of the goal line and the kicking side may have an opportunity of getting it either on a fumble or through having a man on side and thus securing a touchdown.

This gives a general insight into some of the study of the kicking side of the game. But the running game, also, is not always perfectly simple. There are special occasions for certain plays and methods to be adopted which show plenty of generalship. In the first place, a quarter-back must not tire out any one man, even though a good one, by sending him too frequently. But when his team gets close to the opponents' goal line, he is licensed to hammer with his best man repeatedly in order to score.

When approaching the opponents' goal line, the team should work the ball over toward the centre by a judicious selection of plays, so that if the touchdown comes it will furnish an easy kick for goal, and also because, if they should be unable to get over the line, they can, on their last down, try a drop-kick with some chance of success. Conversely, a team defending a goal should continually force the opponents out toward the side line.

In assaulting an opponent's line with running plays it is of the utmost importance to appreciate just what bearing the downs, whether first, second, or third, have upon the situation. Every one understands that after two futile attempts to advance the ball a side usually kicks; for, if the third attempt should also fail to gain the necessary five yards, the ball will go to the opponents on the spot, whereas a kick, while it surrenders the ball, sends it well down the field. But the important difference between a first and second down is not so well understood. Fake plays and outside end runs should usually be attempted on first downs, for they may net long gains; but they are also liable to be stopped with loss, and this gives a side a chance to recover that loss without surrender. When a side has approached quite close to the enemy's goal it is sometimes wise to waste a first down in some trick play that may bring a quick

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touchdown; but as a rule, on a second down, it is best to use a play that, while not likely to gain a great distance, will pretty surely take enough to ensure continued possession. The great problem arises, however, upon a third down under these conditions. A team may be, say, two yards from the opponents' goal line and a third down requiring the ball to go those two yards or be lost. Two yards only—can they make it? Or shall they try a drop-kick at goal? In either case, failure means the loss of the last chance to score. If the run be tried and the ball fall into the hands of the opponents on a fumble, or if it be not carried over, they will certainly kick the ball out of danger at once. A drop-kick that misses the goal may also result in the same manner. There is no way to decide but upon the merits of the respective performers. With a first-class drop-kicker and a team that has not been gaining with some regularity in

the running game, the kick is surely indicated. But with a team that has been pushing the opponents, it is better to try the run, for the touchdown may lead to a goal, which will count six points to but five for the drop-kick.

Finally, one of the most serious problems of generalship comes to a hard-pressed team down in their own goal. If the team has a lead of three points, and there is only a half-minute to play, the team can afford to make a safety and thus relieve the strain; for a kick out, to which the safety entitles them, can hardly result possibly in the enemies scoring. Then, if a team has just secured the ball on their own five-yard line, shall they punt at once and thus perhaps run the risk of the opponents securing a fair catch within easy kicking distance of the goal, or shall they first try to run it out for some yards so that when they do kick the opponents will have the ball too far out for a try at goal?

## TURKEY-SHOOTING IN "OLE VIRGINNY"

(SEE PAGE 12)

FEW MEN in the South are the servants of time. The holiday season is observed there as many of us in the North, under the high pressure of business responsibilities, have long since forgotten how to observe it. From college, from the military school, from the army and navy, and from desk and counting-room, the young Virginian travels homeward, accompanied, oftener than not, by one or more of his classmates or business associates, and for some days to follow there are invariably "great doin's" on the plantation. The daughters of the family have spent days in decorating the house with pine-cones, holly, and mistletoe; the big logs that have been drying out all summer are laid conveniently near, so as to follow one another on to the andirons in the great hall fireplace; "Mar-se Dick's" favorite horse has been groomed until his coat glistens like satin; the dogs have been gotten into prime condition for work in the field or on the marshes; and when finally the trap arrives from the station with the boys and their friends, there is such a chorus of greetings, such a display of ivory and uncontrollable joy among the darkeys, and such a welcome from the foxhounds and pointers as can only be seen and heard upon a Virginia plantation when "the boys" come home at Yuletide.

At this season of the year the Southern woodlands are at their best—still gloriously beautiful in their autumn tints, which in the North have long since disappeared; the air is invigorating and yet not chilling; the buckwheat has been gathered, the fodder stacked and the corn cribbed for the approaching winter, while from early morning until sundown the crack of the shotgun and the baying of the hounds tell of the sport that is being had with both "Bob White" and "Master Reynard"; for nowhere, unless perhaps in the Carolinas, are quail more plentiful and in no State of the Union is fox-hunting and cross-country riding more widely enjoyed than in old Virginia.

But of all sport that this section affords, turkey-shooting is perhaps the most exhilarating and enjoyable, particularly so to Northern sportsmen, to whom, in most instances, it is a complete novelty. Most appropriately has the wild turkey been rechristened the "King of American game birds," and to the hunter who from his blind sees a full-grown and bearded gobbler step from the timber into the roadway or clearing, the glint of the sun bringing out the metallic colors of his plumage as with lordly men he strides on ahead of his flock of hens, the great fowl looks a royal bird indeed.

Long and patiently may the hunter have awaited his coming, sounding at intervals, skillfully and with good judgment, the artificial call, or "turkey bone," which constitutes an important part of the turkey hunter's equipment; and now, as with frequent panges and a suspicious craning of his great red neck, the bird advances, the sportsman experiences all the pleasures of deer stalking, as well as the novelty of luring an upland game bird instead of himself going after it. Beside him crouches his dog, trained not to move a muscle or in any way give the slightest sign of his presence until after the discharge of the gun, yet quivering in his eagerness to be up and off after any wounded bird that may seem to have a chance of escaping.

Closer and still closer comes the lord of the woods, his hens frolicking behind him and running hither and thither to pick up the grains of corn that have been scattered in a train from the edge of the clearing or along the road to the hunter's blind. Finally he is within range, and as he stands with head up-lifted, like a watchful sentinel, uttering at intervals a reassuring "Put, put, put" to his flock, the gun sends from the blind an unexpected messenger, and if the charge of number two be well placed, at the base of the neck, the hunter may feel assured of a royal feast on the morrow.

With sharp notes of alarm, the hens spread their great wings and make a dash for the shelter of the timber. As they do so the

hunter singles out his bird and sends to the mark a charge from his second barrel. Perhaps this shot breaks a wing, and down comes the hen with a thud. Her long legs are still sound, however, and, with great strides, she makes for the cover to which her wings are no longer able to carry her. With short, sharp yelps the dog is after her, and, swiftly though she travels, is beside her before she gains the coppice. Turning his head to one side, he seizes the long neck and the next moment is dragging the bird toward the blind, uttering meanwhile such muffled sounds of delight as a mouthful of turkey-neck will permit.

One, two, and three hours, and sometimes half a day, are frequently spent in the blind before a shot is secured, but as the successful hunter stands over a thirty-pound gobbler and a fine fat hen he invariably feels well repaid for his wait.

As a rule, turkeys are stalked by from two to four sportsmen to one blind, and one bird to each man, with perhaps one or two of the party getting in a successful second barrel, is rightfully considered excellent luck. Locating the birds, or rather their feeding grounds, is quite essential to a successful day's sport. The average Virginia ducky is fully cognizant of this fact, and it is remarkable how quickly he will give up reliable information, for cash, or how densely ignorant he can prove when the required inducement is not forthcoming.

"Hey, boy," calls the sportsman to the negro he may meet, walking, or driving his mule through the woods, "where can I find a turkey?"

Off comes the battered hat and into the woolly head go the amber-colored finger-nails, while an expression of earnest thought comes over the dusky face.

"Turkeys, boss? I jes' can't 'zactly tell, dis mornin'. Yo' see, boss, dey's been doin' a powahful lot o' shootin' rovin' dese woods lately, an' I reckon dey done 'bout scared off de onliest birds I knows of."

"Well, well! that's too bad. Look here, boy" (the "boy" may be grizzled and sixty years old, but he is a "boy" just the same, in Dixie), "I've got to have a turkey. Now here is a half dollar that I don't need, and if I get a good big gobbler—a gobbler, mind—come up to Major Stanton's place to-morrow and I'll give you another half."

At this the "boy" grins, and then suddenly becomes lost in thought as his nails go deeper than ever into his wool. "Less see," he ponders. "Tears like I done seed turkey signs down by Grigg's run dis mawnin'. Dat's right—and ole Mose tole me las' week dey was a flock usin' roun' dar all summer. Dat's the likeliest place I knows, boss. I reckon yo'll get one dar, sho' 'nuff." And with minute directions and a great showing of ivory, the "boy" goes on his way, certain, provided the sportsman is even a fair shot, of getting a second half-dollar on the morrow. Information so obtained is nearly always reliable, as it is a shiftless ducky indeed who has not "marked down" one or more flocks for just such a purpose.

Bagging a turkey is but part of the sport of turkey-shooting, particularly when the bird is to contribute to the enjoyment of Thanksgiving or Christmas Day festivities. From many points, for miles and miles around, on such occasions, come the friends and relatives of the master of the house, to partake of dinner and participate in the "holiday doin's" of the evening. Not infrequently there are a score or more of plates to fill at a Virginia Christmas Day dinner-table, while the mouths of as many dusky retainers and hangers-on in "the quarters" are fairly watering for "what de white folks don't eat." It is not surprising, therefore, that Aunt Dinah, as oracle of the plantation kitchen, is kept busy for two days beforehand in preparing from four to six big turkeys, which, when mounted on the long table in the great dining-hall, present a sight only less royal than when they stood in the clearing before the sportsman's blind.

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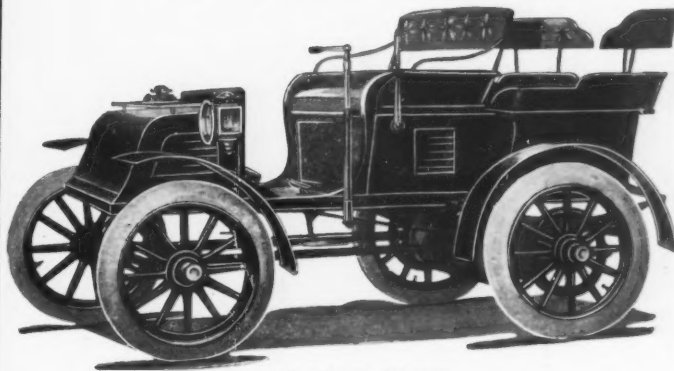
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